

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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REMARKABLE RACE FOR A CHILD'S LIFE

SAVING A LITTLE CHILD

DRAMATIC RACE FOR LIFE

Science Comes Forth With
Healing in Its Wings

FROM PARIS TO CAIRO

Paris and Cairo have been dramatically linked by aeroplane and railway to save a child's life.

Sixty hours sufficed, and physicians, airmen, police, railway officials, even stern Customs officers, joined hands to bring this salvation to a three-years-old child who had been suddenly smitten with the dread and mysterious affliction of infantile paralysis. This form of affliction is caused by a germ.

Poliomyelitis is the doctor's name for the disease, and there is no cure for it except the administration, in its earliest stages, of a serum.

The disease is not inevitably fatal, but it nearly always leaves damaging traces on the lives, limbs, and minds of the child sufferers.

A Call in the Night

An anti-poliomyelitic serum which can hold it in check was lately invented by Dr Pettit, and is prepared at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. It can hardly be obtained anywhere else in the world—a folly that must surely be remedied as soon as possible.

When little Jojo Catz was found to be suffering from this disease the specialists told the father there was no hope of arresting it except by doses of the serum. The father telegraphed to his brother in Paris telling him to get some serum and send it at once to Cairo, at all cost. He must spare no expense.

None was spared, nor was any time wasted. The Pasteur Institute was awakened in the middle of the night. A bacteriologist was telephoned for. He came, found the serum in its tiny sealed glass tubes, and handed them to Mr Catz. This was on Friday night.

Mr Catz chartered an aeroplane to carry the serum and catch the Imperial Airways mail liner at Vienna. The mail plane left at dawn for Uskub. The private aeroplane missed it.

A Race Against Time

But the pilot and the plane, the passenger and the serum, went on to Budapest, and there caught the liner. The liner took it on to Salonica. At Salonica the departure of the flying-boat was delayed for a few hours, but it left at dawn on Monday morning in the hope of reaching Alexandria in time to catch the morning train for Cairo, which leaves at 9 o'clock.

The flying-boat was ten minutes late. But by this hour all Egypt seems to have known of this race against time.

Telegrams had warned the train and the Customs. The train was held up till

The Strawberry Girls



Strawberries are not yet ready in England, but in parts of sunny Italy crops have already been gathered. Here are two young Italian girls, dressed in characteristic peasant costume, with baskets of the luscious fruit gathered in a strawberry field at Nemi.

the flying-boat arrived. The Customs, by a special act of grace, let the serum through without delay. It is strange (is it not?) that Customs can hold up a messenger of healing!

The police cleared a way for a motor-car from the landing-place of the plane to Sidi Gaber, where the express train was being kept waiting.

Mr Catz and his precious serum boarded the train at 9.30, and the express raced on to Cairo.

In the meantime wireless had carried instructions direct to Cairo, where the doctors were waiting in readiness for the operation.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the train arrived at the Cairo railway station and the injection was administered in the presence of five doctors.

By evening the child was reported to be out of danger and doing well.

So, we hope, is everybody concerned in this dramatic race for life, for surely they all did well—the plane, the police, the pilot, and the Customs!

A COTTAGE TAKES A TRAIN

The other day a cottage went for a change. After staying in the Cotswold village of Chedworth ever since the fourteenth century it came to London.

When a rich man travels he reserves a carriage, but the cottage went one better and reserved a whole train. Nearly seventy Great Western Railway trucks conveyed 475 tons of fourteenth-century beauty up to town.

Alas! the cottage will never go back. From the London Docks it will set sail for America.

We hope the Cotswold cottage will like the New World, but it saddens us to think of England sending its lovely old stone cottages across the sea and putting up flimsy bungalows instead. Tithe barns and manors have crossed the Atlantic already, and perhaps in years to come we shall say:

"I am saving up for a trip to America. I want to study English architecture."

WIRELESS TRAFFIC PROBLEMS

OVERCROWDING IN SPACE

The Wonderful Crystal That
Multiplies the Wave-Lengths

ASTONISHING POWER OF SELECTION

One by one the new problems of the Wireless Age are being solved.

We have long been told that the ether is becoming overcrowded. In fact, on the medium wave-band used for broadcasting in Europe (from 200 to 550 metres) it has been possible to use only 105 wave-lengths, and there are many more than that in Europe. So it has been necessary for two or more stations to work on the same wave-length. Now, thanks to the researches of Dr James Robinson, it should be possible to broadcast on at least nine times as many wave-lengths as at present.

The Carrier-Wave

The reason why so few wave-lengths can be used is that although wireless telephony is sent out on a stated wave the signals can actually be heard on wave-lengths above and below it.

It had always been thought that for this reason a satisfactory receiving set must necessarily be one of low efficiency; in other words, one that would receive not only the actual carrier-wave but the waves on either side of it, or side bands; for to cut out these side-bands would mean not only the distortion of certain notes but the loss of others.

Dr Robinson had other ideas. He contended that all that was wanted could be had from the carrier-wave itself. In his new invention, known as the Stenode Radiostat Circuit, is incorporated a special type of crystal which has amazing selective qualities; and by the use of a kind of tone filter the low notes and the high notes are given their respective values.

Reception of New Stations

Whereas at present the wave-lengths of European broadcast stations must vary by about four metres in order to avoid jamming, the new set makes it possible to have several new stations sending on wave-lengths between those now in use and to have perfect reception of each.

Thus one of the very greatest wireless problems appears to have been solved. It was not only the broadcast wave-band that was likely to be full; there was a danger that before long all available wave-lengths would be in use, and that no more commercial stations could be opened.

Not only does the new invention help wireless, but the Stenode Radiostat can be used so as to make it possible to send hundreds of messages simultaneously along wires or cables.

MR GANDHI AND INDIA

HOME RULERS IN A HURRY

The Non-Violent Campaign and the Great Violence it Brings

DANGER OF LAWLESSNESS

Once again there has been serious trouble in India owing to the impatience of some of her people for self-government. The result has been rioting and disorder which the Government is bound to repress.

As everybody knows, Parliament appointed a Commission nearly two years ago, under Sir John Simon, to advise what steps toward self-government can wisely be taken at this stage of India's development. Two long visits to India secured an immense amount of evidence, and it should surprise no one that it has taken a long time to sift the evidence and hammer out the recommendations.

The Swarajist Time Limit

Last year the extreme Home Rulers (the Swarajists as they are called) grew impatient and fixed a time limit, ending on December 31 last, within which India was to be given her independence. Last Christmas their National Congress gave authority to Mr Gandhi to proclaim a programme of "non-violent civil disobedience."

One of India's sources of revenue is the tax on salt, raised by means of a monopoly of its manufacture. Mr Gandhi and his friends set to work to organise "civil disobedience" by collecting and selling salt, largely from sea water.

It was very poor salt, and there was very little of it, and it made people ill to eat it, and the Government took as little notice as they could of all this. For many weeks Mr Gandhi, who headed a long and toilsome march to the sea, called on the Government to arrest him, but the Government ignored his appeal.

An Unheeded Warning

What happened then was what some of Mr Gandhi's friends had warned him was bound to happen. As a deeply religious man, Mr Gandhi laid great emphasis on the need of "non-violence" in the campaign; but, just as happened eight years ago in a similar campaign, Mr Gandhi's appeals for lawlessness roused the violent as well as the non-violent in the population, and serious disorders broke out.

You may resist the salt tax by distilling sea water, but you may also resist it by wrecking salt factories. You may resist foreign domination by spinning your own cotton instead of importing it from Lancashire, but you may also resist it by making a bonfire of British cotton stocks.

Mr Gandhi was warned of all this, but he shrugged his shoulders and said he could not help it, though he continued to appeal for non-violence.

Mr Gandhi's Arrest

All his appeals were vain in trying to stem violence, and there have been grave troubles. At Chittagong, in eastern Bengal, an arsenal was raided for arms by a revolutionary band, which had to be pursued and rounded in the hills before the arms could be recovered. At Peshawar, near the north-western frontier, serious rioting broke out, and an invitation was actually sent to the wild hill tribesmen over the border to join in.

Here and elsewhere, in restoring order, it was found necessary to fire, and many were killed.

It was then that it was decided that Mr Gandhi must be arrested. As Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, said, he had "deliberately pursued a course of action which could only lead to deplorable

BUCHAN'S SPELLS

Was He Right?

THE CRITIC AND THE PROPHET

Alexander Buchan, the Scottish meteorologist who is now so loved in his warm spells and so hated in his cold spells, was much applauded last year for the way in which the weather seemed to fulfil certain of his predictions made in 1867. But he has lately fallen among the critics.

The critics are in some ways his friends the meteorologists, and one of them, our own good friend Sir Richard Gregory, has gone so far as to say that Buchan's so-called cold periods were predicted by him only for Scotland. Sir Richard adds that they were based on observations made over ten years only, and, further, that there is no scientific evidence that these cold periods do occur with any regularity.

The Three Ice Men

This we cannot, in our turn, admit at all. In his Handy Book of Meteorology Buchan amplifies the position he had taken up in his scientific essay of 1867, and states clearly what he means by cold spells, and why he was induced to observe them.

An account of his observations appeared in My Magazine last July, and there his views are stated. He was led to look into the matter of cold spells because he found, in examining the weather lore of Northern Europe (not of Scotland alone or of the British Isles), that there was everywhere, in France, Germany, and Norway, reference to two cold spells. One spell occurs in April and one in May.

The mid-May cold period is referred to all over the countries named as the days of the Three Ice Men, or the Three Ice Saints, St Mamertus, St Pancras, and St Servatius.

This generally recognised occurrence led him to look for other unexpected and rather unaccountable spells of cold days in other months of the year.

He searched the records, not for ten years but for fifty, and his conclusion was that over these fifty years of observation some of the six periods had always appeared.

The Shift of the Wind

In that fifty years none failed to make its appearance in more than five years. But it was seldom that all appeared in the same year.

They were subject to variation in the date at which they began, but these dates were, approximately, February 7 to 10, April 11 to 14, May 9 to 14, June 29 to July 4, August 6 to 11, and November 6 to 12.

He could find no explanation for them, but he noted, as an explanation, that they set in with a shift of the wind to a northerly or north-easterly quarter.

Scotland would, of course, be the first to feel this shift of the wind and experience the flow of cold air from the Pole, but if the shift persisted the cold current would extend to England. The complete explanation, still to be sought, is connected with a subject in which Buchan was continuously interested, the general circulation of air currents in the Northern Hemisphere.

Continued from the previous column

consequences. The attempt to maintain a campaign of civil disobedience on a non-violent basis has failed, as it was bound to fail, and has unchained dangerous forces that thrive upon conditions of disorder."

Mr Gandhi was arrested in his camp in the dead of night and taken to Poona. He has not been imprisoned in the ordinary way, and will not be brought to trial. He is simply being deprived of his liberty and separated from his followers, so that his incitements to non-violence, all resulting in violence, can no longer be heard. There is a wide impression that the step is as great a relief to Gandhi himself as to everybody else.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUDAN

England and Egypt

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE

When Mr Arthur Henderson, our Foreign Minister, regretfully announced that, in spite of sincere and friendly efforts on both sides, the negotiations for a new treaty between Britain and Egypt had broken down, thoughtful people everywhere shared his regret.

Thoughtful Englishmen regretted the failure because peace and friendship with Egypt is a British interest. Thoughtful Egyptians regretted it because for more than a generation Britain has been Egypt's best friend.

The new treaty for which they asked included a clause placing the Sudan under an increasing Egyptian control.

To that Britain could not agree, because she stands in the same position of protector of the Sudan which once she occupied toward Egypt.

The relinquishment of that guardianship would be a betrayal of the Sudan as well as of British interests if British influence were to be removed from Northern Africa.

Britain, as a great South African statesman said, looks to far horizons. If only Egypt and the Egyptians would look to those horizons with us!

AUSTRALIA RIGHTS A WRONG

The Courage of a Government

Mr Scullin, the Australian Prime Minister, has shown himself capable of the highest courage a statesman can display in acknowledging that he made a mistake and in putting it right.

His Government was put in power by the Australian Labour Movement, and, urged by its powerful Trades Unions, he revoked the decree which gave to the Australians who fought in the war a preference in employment, especially Government employment.

But this regulation was a pledge given, not by a Prime Minister, and not by a party, but by the Commonwealth. To break such a promise was to break faith with patriots, and those patriots were not merely the returned soldiers, but the Australian people who had patriotically given the pledge.

A country's promise is more powerful than a Trades Union. Mr Scullin, we are sure, did not understand what he was doing when he revoked the country's pledge; but as soon as Australia made him aware of it he attempted no half measures, but completely and frankly reversed the policy he had announced.

It is a strong Government which can admit an error and rectify it. Australia may put its confidence in it.

SCENES IN KENT CAVES

The V.A.D. in Her Mask

The remarkable caves at Chislehurst were the scene of an extraordinary spectacle the other day when Kent Guides and V.A.D.s set up a First-Aid Centre there to deal with casualties from a supposed attack on the adjoining railway station.

The caves were fitted up for gas treatment and a kitchen was equipped for feeding the civil population in case of their taking refuge in the caves. We give a picture of the First-Aid helpers on page 3; it shows the useful work for which the Guides and nurses are being trained. The pictures we do not give of this spectacle show the ghastly sights human beings are compelled to make of themselves in fighting the horrors of war. Nurses in their gas masks look like goliwogs and goblins, and the thought that we may all be reduced to such pitiful sights is in itself enough to fill us with a revulsion against war and all its doings.

A TALKIE POINT

The Blind Can Hear the Films

AND THE DEAF CAN SEE

To the blind the silent films were nothing. The talking films they at least can hear.

At the Royal School for the Blind at Leatherhead talking films have just been presented to them for the first time. It was an event in the lives of some of these boys and girls to be compared with the coming of Braille.

This entertainment was provided for them chiefly by the Royal Navy, in which the Principal of the School, the Rev. E. H. Griffiths, served as a chaplain. He begged from his many friends there, and obtained from them most of the cost of the entertainment for the Blind School.

These blind children heard for the first time since the films, silent or speaking, were seen or heard; they heard the news of the day; they laughed at Mickey the Mouse.

When the talkies came to put the nose of the silent films out of joint the deaf were robbed of the entertainment they enjoyed equally with the rest of the world. They could read the words, which are now not given.

In robbing the deaf have they given a means of entertaining the blind?

More money is wanted to install the apparatus. Who will give a little to so great a cause?

A LITTLE MORE HUMANITY

France and the Humane Killer

England has led the way in the employment of the humane killer for cattle. It has taken the first step to bring France to the same right way of thinking.

Experiments with the humane pistol at the chief Paris slaughter-house were made under the direction of Madame du Gast, who is the President of the French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Representatives of the Paris newspapers were invited and were much impressed.

The chief evening paper declared that the society which Madame du Gast represented had done its work and deserved all praise for it, and that it only remained for Paris to improve its slaughter-houses.

The humane killer is making its way; when will the House of Commons rise to its opportunity and destroy the petty hostility to it here?

A BOOK

Remember this, you thrifty Manchester citizens: money has never yet been wasted on libraries. A book is like the widow's cruse of oil: you dip into it again and again, and the contents remain exactly what they were. Investment in books is a capital investment, the capital of which never undergoes wastage or deterioration.

The Prime Minister at Manchester

THINGS SAID

There are more slaves now than Wilberforce set free. Lady Simon

You can do nothing nowadays without the Press. Lord Brentford

The world's best book is still the world's best-seller. Bible Society's report

It would be a happier world if we all made the Bible our final court of appeal. The Duke of Gloucester

Merric England is dying out, and Doleful England is taking its place. Mrs Baldwin

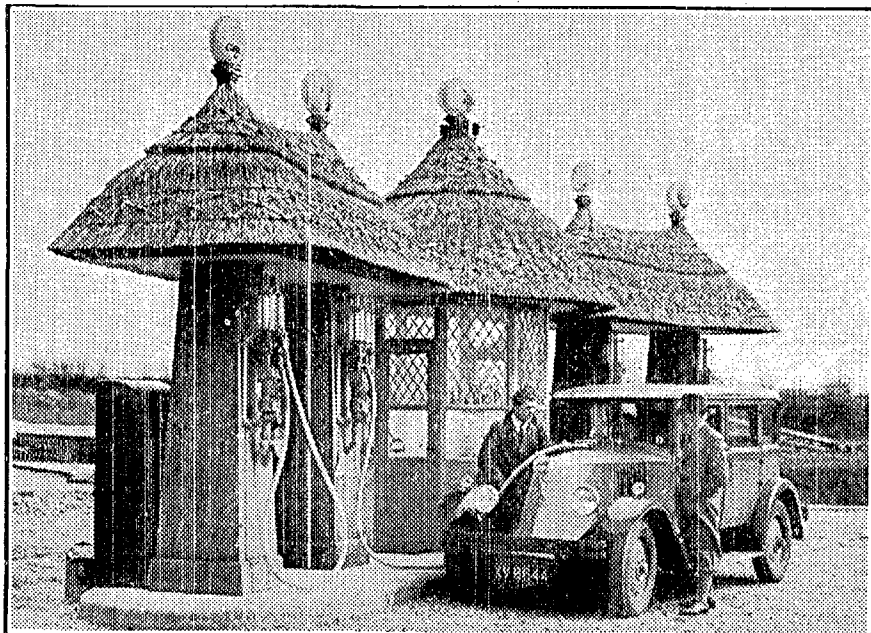
I managed to rescue her because her hair was not bobbed. A policeman who saved a drowning woman

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The Children's Newspaper

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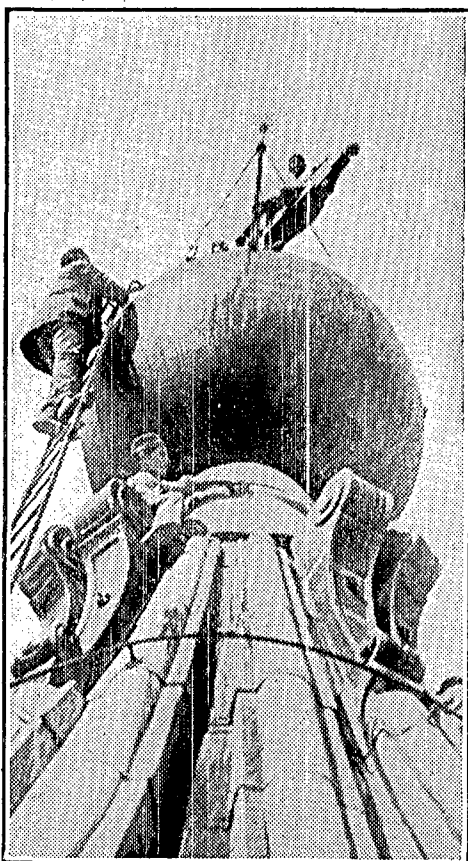
AUNT SALLY'S NEW DRESS • ROOFTOP STUDIO • SCENE IN KENT CAVES



Aunt Sally's New Dress—The C.N. wishes to thank Mr Brett, the son of an A.R.A., for designing this camouflage for petrol pumps at a filling station at Blashford in Hampshire.



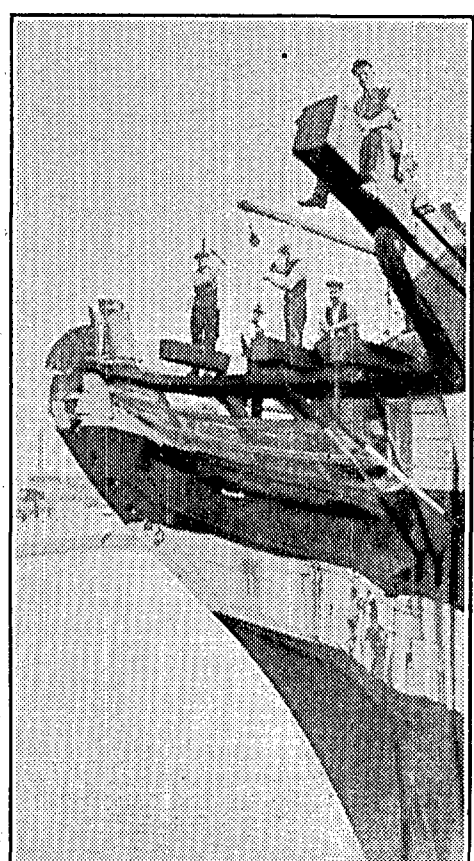
Rooftop Studio—This sculptor working on a London roof is one of the Blackfriars group of artists. Six of the group's twelve members are exhibiting at the Royal Academy.



At Work Above St Peter's—Workmen have been busy, as seen here, on the ball above the dome of Rome's great cathedral. There is room inside the ball for sixteen people.



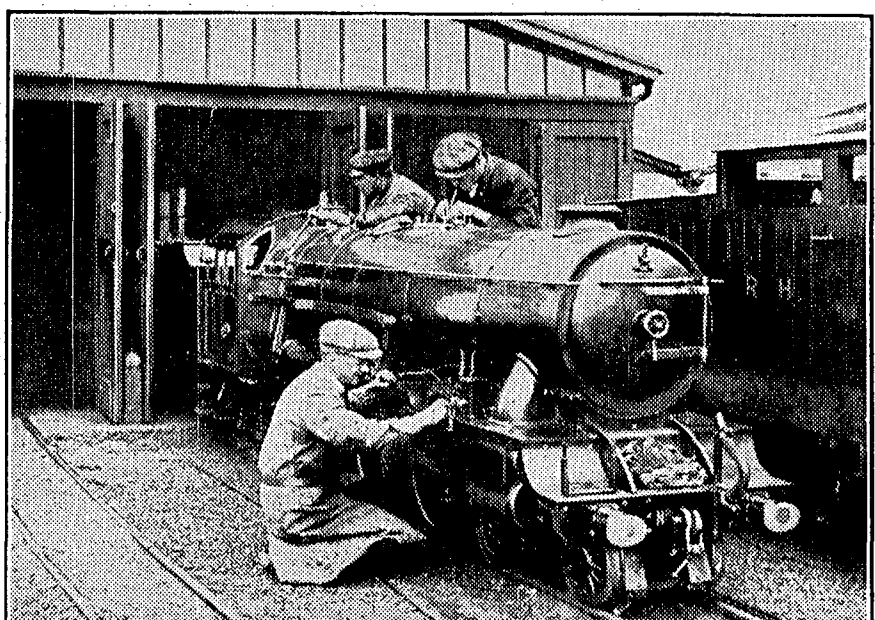
Ready for a Gallop—These two charming little girls, daughters of Wing-Commander Louis Greig, were caught by the photographer just before setting off for a gallop at Roehampton. They are firm believers in the health-giving effects of horseriding.



Disappearing Wooden Walls—The fine old wooden ship H.M.S. Ganges is being broken up at Plymouth, as this picture shows. Her oaken sides are nearly three feet thick.



Scene in Kent Caves—Kent V.A.D.s and Girl Guides at a War Office inspection in Chislehurst Caves. It was assumed that an attack had been made on Chislehurst Station and that the caves were fitted up as a First-Aid station for the injured. See page 2.



Baby Engine's Toilet—The holidays will soon be here and the rolling-stock of the Romney, Hythe, and Dymchurch Railway is being overhauled in readiness for passengers during the busy season. Engineers are here seen at work on one of the little engines.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL A SHIPPING LINE IS KIND AND WISE

The Way of Humanity With an
Oil Ship at Sea

SAVING THE BIRDS

Somewhere or other there ought to be a roll of honour for good shipowners, and among the first on the list should come the Bibby Line.

We understand from the Nautical Magazine that every motor-vessel owned by the company, whether it burns oil or has an internal combustion engine, is fitted with an oil separator which recovers the oil and enables the water mixed with it to be discharged perfectly pure. The oil, which otherwise would have been pumped into the sea, can be used again.

Thrifty and Humane

It is a thrifty idea, and it is a humane idea. If all ships carried oil separators we should not find dying seabirds smothered in oil; we should not hear of fishermen ruined because the oil has driven fish away; we should not spoil our clothes when we sit on the sands; we should not risk frightful fires in harbour. It is a crime to pump poison into the sea, and it is a very great waste.

Certain firms forbid their captains to discharge oil within fifty or a hundred miles of the coast, but this is not a cure for oily shores, because oil drifts, like the bottle found at Winchelsea the other day which had travelled 3000 miles from Virginia in eleven months.

Gentlemen of the Sea

Oil separators are the only cures for ruined fishing-grounds and dying seabirds. Among the companies who install them on most of their vessels are the Orient Steam Navigation Company, the P. & O., the R.M.S.P., the Union Castle, and the White Star Line. They are gentlemen of the sea. But there are still many ruffians of the sea, and so birds die of starvation because their oil-bound feathers prevent them from diving, and fish are poisoned.

What can be done with the ruffians? The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds is trying to convert them by sending round the world a stamp showing a dying seabird inscribed with an appeal in six languages.

MARION ST JOHN WEBB

It is sad to think that gentle Marion St John Webb has passed on; but it is good to know that some of her haunting verses about children will remain, and that they will be read over and over again.

Mrs Webb had no little ones of her own, but how intimately she understood them! We take these verses of hers from a poem in an anthology which her distinguished father Mr St John Adcock has made. It is a wet day, and the Littlest One is drawing pictures on the window-pane:

I've drawn a house an' chimney pot,
I've drawn a man an' child'en too,
A napple an' a toasting fork,
An' someone who is just like you,
An' Grandma sittin' in the rain.
The pane's so small I've filled it all,
And speks I'll have to breaave again.

But Jane has spoilt it now; she says
I want a whippin'—an' I don't.
She's rubbed the window clean, an' says
She'll fetch a policeman—but she won't.
And now she's gone downstairs again,
I'm breavin' on the window-pane.
I'll draw a nuggy one of Jane.

Our deep sympathy goes out to Mr and Mrs St John Adcock in their sad bereavement. They have lost a gifted daughter, whose work was a constant delight to a large public of readers. As for the rest of the world, it has lost a poet and writer who was already justifying much of her early promise.

THREE BAD BEARS Zoo Inmates That Cannot Be Trusted

GUARDING THE KEEPERS

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo's bears always manage to look good-natured and gentle, and they never fail to make an effort to be entertaining, yet the majority of them are bad characters.

Some of the most treacherous inmates of the menagerie are to be found in the bears' dens on the Mappin Terraces. Only one Zoo bear has remained consistently tame, and that is Winnie; others have been amiable for a short time, but they have soon proved the value of their keeper's advice: "Never trust a bear."

There was a certain amount of excitement when the Zoo heard it was to be presented with a three years old pet bear who was perfectly tame. He was certainly most attractive. He was a well-grown example of the Himalayan bear; his black coat was thick and in excellent condition, and the characteristic white chevron on his chest was large and snowy.

A Narrow Escape

As the animal seemed docile through the bars the keeper had no hesitation in allowing it to leave the travelling-box while he remained in the den. But, to his astonishment, as soon as the bear walked out of his box he became aggressive and had the man not been quick he would have received a nasty mauling. The creature can be trusted not to make treacherous grabs at any hand that feeds him through the bars of his cage, but will still try to attack any keeper who dares to enter his den.

Although the new Himalayan bear is a disappointment, he is not particularly vicious when compared with other Zoo bears. The Polar bear Lizzie bears a very bad reputation, for she is obviously watching for an opportunity to kill her keepers. The men never dare to turn their backs on her, and when they have to enter her den to clean it it is one keeper's work to stand on guard while his companion sweeps.

In Solitary Confinement

Teddy, the Syrian bear, is even more treacherous, for if he is offered honey or condensed milk through the bars of his den he is quiet while he licks it up, but the moment the spoon is dry Teddy makes a quick grab at the hand holding it.

There is another bad bear, a Malayan bear, so dangerous that he cannot be exhibited. He attacks his own kind as well as Zoo visitors, and as he has mauled three other bears he is now sentenced to solitary confinement, with the result that in his determination to use his powerful claws on something he is tearing down the walls of his den.

GENEROUS MR FERENS

England Loses a Good Citizen

One of the most generous of all Englishmen is lost to us by the passing of Mr T. R. Ferens, who has died at Hull at the age of 83.

A miller's son from Durham, Mr Ferens rose from the life of a working boy to be managing director of the famous firm of Reckitt's. He saw the firm rise from a working-roll of 200 men to one of ten thousand.

He gave away about half a million pounds. His purse and heart were always open. A good Wesleyan, he gave £25,000 to Leys School at Cambridge and £40,000 to the Wesleyan Methodist school for girls at Chislehurst. He was one of the warmest supporters of temperance. His kindly heart and his counsel will be missed in a thousand good places, but especially in his own town of Hull.

TIMING THE GLACIER News for the 22nd Century

Time is measured by the clock of the glacier in centuries.

The Swiss Glacier Commission has just set the hands of the clock for an experiment which will last 250 years. They have buried metal cylinders at the starting-points of certain selected glaciers, and these will slowly move forward in the glacial bed as the glacier moves majestically down between the enclosing walls of its mountain gorge.

Both will move a few inches a year, for the hands of the glacier's clock move "exceeding slow."

In 250 years they will not have moved that number of feet.

But in the year 2180 the metal shells will be dug out of the ice by the Swiss Glacier Commission of that day (if it has not become by that time an All-European or a World Commission), and from them the scientific men of that day will recover the records put there in this May of 1930.

These records will tell all that is now known of the glaciers, their size, their movements, or their past history. The glacier's movements in two and a-half centuries will be added to them.

So science builds not for itself but for the future.

A HAPPY GIRL'S WISH

May She Live Happy Ever After

If ever people deserved to live happy ever after, like Prince and Princess in a fairy tale, they are two people of Gloucestershire who are to be married in the early days of June.

They were too modest to wish their names to be known, but they have now been published. They are Miss Margaret Darell and Mr Helmut Schröder, and this is their story. When his proposal was accepted the man asked what he might give as an engagement present. She said: "Wireless sets for the blind people of Gloucestershire."

He would have loved to give her anything, from a wreath of diamonds to a rose, but most of all he must have loved to give her the thing she asked on behalf of other people.

There are some 600 blind people who will receive new valve sets with loud-speakers, and will have them kept in order. It will cost about £10,000.

What wonderful things the lady might have bought herself in the fashion shops with ten thousand pounds! And how much more pleasure she has got from giving it all away!

A NOBLE WOMAN

Her Life for a Younger One

An esteemed reader in Liverpool, writing to us on the death of Mrs Davidson, the dear old lady who gave her life to save a child and, when extricated from beneath a runaway lorry said, "I have had my day; the child's day is to come," informs us that the inquest was a most affecting scene. The coroner himself was deeply moved as he commented on Mrs Davidson's gallantry and sacrifice.

The lorry was set in motion by a foolish boy who did not know how to stop it. Without a moment's hesitation Mrs Davidson rushed forward and snatched one child from before the lorry, but was knocked down with a second child whom she tried to shield.

A clergyman who visited her in the hospital several times writes to the C.N.: "Those visits did me good. When I told her she had done what the Good Shepherd did her smile was wonderful."

By deed and word this most noble woman has touched the hearts of all who have heard her story.

CHARING CROSS SOMETHING BETTER CAN BE DONE

The Chance to Rise to a Very Great Occasion

LAMBETH NOT TO BE A SLUM

Much as the rejection by Parliament of the London County Council's scheme for a new Charing Cross Bridge is to be deplored, it is better that the bridge should perish unborn than that London should put a new blot on its face to last it for fifty years.

Charing Cross Railway Bridge, as it stands, is a blot which everyone can see. The scheme of the L.C.C. merely moved the blot farther back, condemning a whole district to be a slum for another two generations—unless the second of these generations should arise and declare it better to scrap a £13,000,000 mistake than to submerge half a square mile of London in mean streets.

Something to Avoid

Nothing creditable springs up in the dirt and shadow of the railway arches of a viaduct, as everyone familiar with the byways near the railway bridge which spans Ludgate Hill is well aware. A series of such viaducts and arches near the approach to London's newest and greatest bridge would spoil the bridge, ruin the Embankment, and create a new neighbourhood more sordid than the old.

London must have a new bridge. It must have a great one. It must not have one at which the next generation will shudder with even more reason than we have shuddered at the bridge which the Southern Railway put up, and which they want to be paid to remove.

Lambeth Borough Council recommends the ground opposite the present Waterloo Station as the most satisfactory site. It is not necessary to ask whether this is the best possible alternative, though it is fairly clear that Lambeth is, next to London itself, more concerned in the appearance and the future of the railway station site than other authorities. But the plea that the L.C.C. plan would have prevented this part of London from ever becoming a credit to the Thames, to London, or to Lambeth is unanswerable.

What London Wants

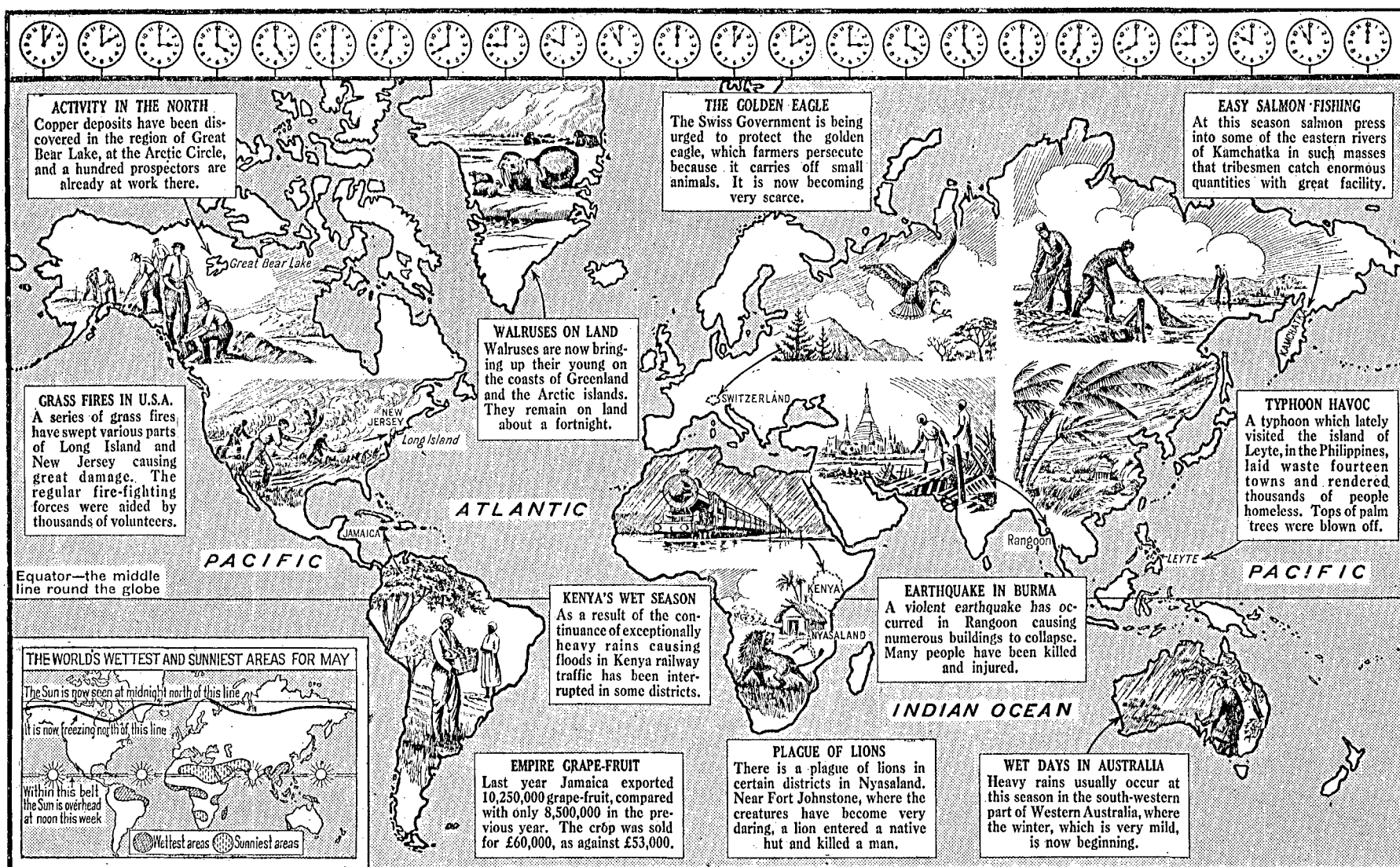
It is sad indeed to think that after three years of putting things off, of squaring the demands of the railway company (*to whom London owes nothing but a grudge*), and of trying to reconcile the heated and conflicting opinions of engineers, architects, and surveyors, the L.C.C. scheme is dead, and has all to be begun again. But it is something to have shown its authors that they are mistaken in supposing it to be the best scheme in the world, or the only one. London wants a much better scheme, and must have it.

It wants a bridge which will mitigate the confusion and congestion of road traffic. It wants a railway station that will neither be out of the way nor in the way, a station which in its site and in its surroundings and in its structure will be a credit to all.

The Gloomy Terminus

More than one London terminus is wrapped in gloom and clothed in dingy discomfort. There are waiting-rooms chilly in winter, stuffy in summer, from which passengers must dodge in and out to be sure of not missing their trains. The baffling train indicator is outside. The passenger's ticket-taking, his luggage-labelling, his entry to the platform, are all anxieties. The London Railway Terminus has many shortcomings and few good looks to redeem them. An effort to remedy it should now be made, and London should deal worthily with what is the finest chance of improvement now before any city in the world.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ABOUT POPPY DAY And the British Legion

We may buy our poppies next Armistice Day in the fullest confidence that the money will be spent to help the men who fought for us in the war.

Some months ago one of the officials of the British Legion, the society which organises Poppy Day, was found to have been dishonest and had to be dismissed, and some people thought it was the result of bad management. That led the society to take the sensible course of inviting three independent men of high position, with Lord Bridgeman as their chairman, to make an investigation. Their report has now been issued.

It declares that the case of dishonesty was an isolated one and that the staff have given and are giving the most loyal and disinterested service to the cause. The fullest inquiry has failed to discover any serious blemish in the British Legion.

The committee's chief criticism is of a kind that is often to be found in the case of great charitable organisations. Too large a proportion (nearly three pounds in every ten) goes to expenses, and only seven pounds actually reaches those for whom it is collected.

The committee believes the expenses could be reduced by closer control and cooperation. In particular it makes suggestions for the earlier and stricter return of unsold poppies and the checking of collecting-boxes.

It also thinks the poppy factories should be enlarged to prevent overcrowding and that a larger proportion of the funds should be devoted to the prevention of unemployment, even if a little less has to be given to the unemployed. It recommends that some other organisations having the same object, like the United Services Fund, should be amalgamated with the Legion.

The Legion has 300,000 members and collects half a million pounds each year by the sale of poppies.

Alcohol is Bad for You

AT A TOMB IN THE ABBEY

A Scene at Evensong

Something unusual happened after evensong in Westminster Abbey the other day.

A party of young Negroes was received by the Dean, who took them to a certain tomb, where they laid a wreath bound in college colours.

The party sang Don't be weary, traveller, and many hearts were stirred by the beauty of the music.

No wonder, for the young people were members of the Hampton Choir who had given a most successful concert in the Queen's Hall the day before they came to Westminster Abbey. All of them are undergraduates of the Hampton Institute in Virginia, and had come to Westminster Abbey to honour a great friend of their race.

It is hardly necessary to say that the tomb on which they laid their wreath was David Livingstone's.

THE HAPPY STORY OF CAMBRIDGE HOUSE

One for Each and One for Luck

In the year which gives Cambridge 41 boat-race victories to Oxford's 40 a sad fate has befallen Cambridge House at Bognor Regis.

For many years it has been used as a convalescent home for the poor children of Surrey, but now it has been found unsafe and must be pulled down.

It would be a great tragedy if its work were to end; and the sick children of Surrey have found a fairy godfather in Sir Jeremiah Colman, who has undertaken to build it again by next Spring.

There will be room for 40 children as well as two infants accompanied by their mothers—42 patients, one for each of the Cambridge victories and one over for luck, as the old ladies who kept village shops used to say when they popped an extra bullseye into the bag.

NEWS OF LONG AGO Breaking Into Shakespeare's Study

Mr Frank Marcham has just discovered an interesting document at the Record Office. The date is 1637, when Shakespeare had been dead 21 years.

It is signed by Susanna Hall, Shakespeare's daughter, who inherited his house in Stratford and married a physician, Dr John Hall.

She complains that brokers went to her house in Stratford "and the said Bayliffes did then and there breake open the doores and studdy of the said house and Rashlye seize upon and take Divers bookes, boxes."

It seems that Susanna had had a dispute about money, in which judgment for £77 was given against her, and the visit of the Bayliffes was the result.

No one can help feeling indignant at that breaking-down of the studdy doore, and yet we cannot help feeling also that there are respectable people in England today who would cheerfully do a little housebreaking for the sake of seeing the room where Shakespeare worked.

What a host of memories gathers round the house in which all this happened! Susanna lived in it after her father, and there this good daughter of Shakespeare, living through the Civil War, entertained Henrietta Maria and soldiers of the Puritan army. What a picture it is, Charles Stuart's wife and Shakespeare's daughter sitting by the fire before the Battle of Edgehill, and, when the battle was over, Shakespeare's daughter entertaining Cromwell's men in the house where Shakespeare died!

STELLA DIX

Christchurch in the Forest of Dean must be the only parish to have a little girl of 11 for church organist. Stella Dix is her name, and her father is a working-man. She has won a scholarship at Monmouth High School for Girls.

Let us hope her little legs will not get very tired reaching down to the pedals.

THE GOOD DEED OF GUIDES AND BROWNIES

The Doll's Ideal Home Exhibition

The Mayor of Deptford saw what a good idea it was, and promised to preside. The Town Councillors saw what a good idea it was, and offered to lend the Town Hall.

Behind this good idea stands a little girl in a familiar blue uniform—in fact, a Girl Guide. The idea itself is an exhibition of dolls' houses, model furniture, and toys made by Guides and Brownies in Deptford.

This is its origin. A company of Guides made and furnished a doll's house for a children's hospital, and the little patients seemed to get more pleasure from it than from any other toy. So the Guides began thinking of another hospital, and then came the great idea. Every company of Guides in Deptford undertook to make at least two dolls' houses during the long winter evenings, one to be given to a hospital and one to be sold in aid of the headquarters building fund.

An exhibition of these ideal homes for dolls will be held at Deptford Town Hall on May 31, and there will be no fee for admission.

Besides the houses there are classes for doll's house gadgets, such as clothes-horses and wireless sets, for dressed dolls, and for toys which have cost nothing at all. It would be very wholesome for the rich child to see how cleverly the poor child can fashion a plaything from scraps and rubbish.

In a great German history of toys it is related that it was once a fashionable amusement for grown-up people to keep dolls' houses, and Queen Mary has revived that fashion. After all, sensible women (and sensible men too) must take an interest in home-planning, whether it be for a Gulliver or a Lilliputian. Therefore we hope big folk as well as little folk will swarm into Deptford Town Hall on May 31.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 24 1930

Wanted, a New Man

THE other day a number of distinguished folk met at Oxford to talk about the improvement of British industry, and one of the speakers, one of our very refreshing thinkers, suggested that the manager's diet has a good deal to do with efficiency in a factory.

He was Dr Delisle Burns, and what he said was that we want in industry, not a heavy, slow-witted, kindly old gentleman who drinks beer and eats a lot of bread and works it off, but a more alert person willing to make a change, with an eye on the future rather than on the past.

How easy it is to picture the sluggish old fellow assuring his foreman that that out-of-date machine is still good enough, grumbling to his wife because a foreign firm has stolen his customers, and solacing himself with one of those foaming glasses whose likenesses on brewers' posters are plastered all over the hoardings of rural England, saying something unlike *Alcohol is bad for you!* He is a good-humoured old fellow, except during one of his rather frequent attacks of indigestion; but he is letting British industry go to pieces, usually without the least adequate conception of what he is doing.

The man who will save our industries for us in the strenuous years ahead is a wiry fellow who breakfasts on grape fruit and never lets a day go by without some such gruelling exercise as is to be found on the fives court. He is fit and wideawake, and some people dislike him because he is never satisfied. Yet the only way to be a good poet or a good industrialist is never to be satisfied with anything we are doing.

The best type of industrialist is ever seeking for a better, quicker, less tiring way of doing things. He wants his work-people to put out less brute force and to use their brains more. He wants to have better machines and factories than those foreign firms which are proving such dangerous rivals. He never says "What was good enough for your father is good enough for you," and he never turns his stomach, which was meant for better things, into a beer barrel.

Perhaps the bakers will complain that bread ought not to be condemned with beer. Wholemeal stone-ground flour is the staff of life, they will say. We are inclined to agree with them, but we expect Dr Burns referred to the dead-white spongy stuff which masquerades as bread in too many eating-houses today. In any case, we drink in pure water (the best drink in the world, and Nature's very own, fresh from the skies) to the health of the new man.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Disarmament and Your Taxes

THE Income Tax forms are being filled up, and your tax for next year is being fixed.

If Disarmament had come 20 years ago the entire taxation of the nation might have been cut in two.

At the Bookstall

WE do not need the poet's reminder that things are not always what they seem. The story reaches us of a stall at a Girl Guide bazaar where a good friend of ours was selling the books. A very little fellow was leaning on the stall turning over the pages of one of the volumes.

"Don't spoil that book, sonny," said the man behind the stall, "I am hoping to sell it soon." Whereupon the very little fellow, half in sorrow, half in anger, said: "You have sold it; I have just paid you for it."

In This Age of Cutting Trees Down

O leave this barren spot to me! Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Though bush or floweret never grow My dark, unwarming shade below; Nor summer bud perfume the dew Of rosy blush or yellow hue; Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born, My green and glossy leaves adorn; Nor murmuring tribes from me derive The ambrosial amber of the hive; Yet leave this barren spot to me: Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

Thomas Campbell

Beggarmen

THERE are many ways of earning a living. We have just heard, for instance, of a lady in Switzerland who takes in parrots as boarders.

But surely the oddest way must be the way of a man who relieves a beggar near Victoria on certain days of the week. Perhaps the beggarman may be ill. Or is he holidaying? We understand that one beggar sold his pitch for quite a good sum; this beggar has his relief man keeping his pitch and his public for him. Does he sell his pitch for the day? Or is he bringing up his younger partner? Or (though we pray he may live long) are the death duties throwing their shadow over the future of our old beggarman?

In any case, we have been much struck by the fact that he takes his days off now and then, and that his pitch is regularly kept warm for him.

Silly Things

WHAT are the silliest things we see every day? somebody has been asking. We should probably vote for the signpost with a sign on one side only, but we think the attempt to make us buy electric bulbs with advertisements stamped on them would take some beating.

A Bunch of Tulips

WE like that story of a Swedish artist, one of the famous band who made the beautiful Town Hall of Stockholm.

He was in London the other day and was very happy; it was probably one of those sunny days when London is the finest city anywhere. Happy, at any rate, our artist was, and somehow he must show it. *He bought a bunch of tulips from a flower-girl, and, with a charming courtesy, presented them to her!*

Queer

A NEWSPAPER which ought to know better is boasting that its tipster has been winning day after day something like £20 to £1.

Queer. We have no doubt at all that the poor man is trying hard to make both ends meet on five pounds a week.

Tip-Cat

AN artist says he always thinks of people in colour. If they are plain people he paints them.

A WRITER declares there was never such good writing in the newspapers as at present. He knows, because some of it is his.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a reformed burglar has the courage of his convictions

SHOES are being made out of fishskin. With soles as usual.

THE Devon and Somerset Hunt killed 75 deer last season. How magnificent!

CHILDREN should, we are told, be taught to waste time profitably.

Not like some adults who believe in all pay and no work.

JUST as we thought the world was getting better, up goes another pink-tiled bungalow.

THE only letters saved in a wreck were demands for Income Tax. Even the sea will not have them.

Up With the Flag

Wide as the world our bounds are wide. But if our hearts be true, What England's done is naught beside What England yet shall do! Her fame shall mount on ampler wing, Her sun more glorious shine; Up with the flag of Peace and bring The whole world into line!

Harold Begbie

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

ABOUT 1000 boys were placed on Canadian farms last year by the Y.M.C.A.

BOY SCOUTS have undertaken to clear the litter from the Common at Gerrard's Cross on Saturday afternoons.

The Cables on the Downs

A THOUSAND ages on these Downs Lie hidden with the bones of men; Here where the Britons built their towns The British build their towns again.

THE Romans built their road of stones From Chichester to River Thames; The British for their telephones Rear up in steel these mighty stems.

WE rise up now again in arms Because a band of untried men Are stretching cables through the farms And slopes we visit now and then.

HAVE many walked from Bignor Hill To Cocking or to Goodwood Down, And seen the flames of glory spill At sunset o'er a Roman town?

HAVE many with the bells of dawn Climbed Amberley and watched the Sun Gild stem by stem the standing corn Before the day has yet begun?

KEEP then your breath for Dunton Hill, You'll need it for Mount Harry's Crown; Build them within your heart until No man can take their glory down.

R. Ogden Loesch

John is Growing Up

ONLY John is growing up, All the rest are growing down; Father, Mother, Grannie, Nurse, And the gardener Mr Brown.

JOHN has got the best south room, And his clothes are soft and fine; Little shoes of his cost more Than a great big pair of mine.

THERE are always gifts for John When a body comes to stay; Strangers smile or blow a kiss When his push cart comes their way.

ALL the world is good to John, He has never seen Fate frown; Just because he's growing up (Oh, the difference growing down).

Fénelon's Prayer

Lord, I know not what I ought to ask of Thee; Thou only knowest what I need; Thou lovest me better than I know how to love myself.

O Father! give to Thy child that which he knows not how to ask. I dare not ask either for crosses or consolations; I present myself before Thee, I open my heart to Thee. Behold my needs which I know not; see and do according to Thy tender mercy. Smite or heal; depress me or raise me up; I adore all Thy purposes without knowing them; I am silent. I offer myself in sacrifice; I yield myself to Thee; I would have no desire than to accomplish Thy will.

From the Seventeenth Century

THE NATION'S POET

LAUREL FOR
MR MASEFIELD

The Choice From Four Fine
Men of High Distinction

SEA POET FOR A SEA-LOVING
PEOPLE

Mr John Masefield is to be Poet Laureate now that Mr Bridges is gone; and it is good news for those who see the need for expressing the dictates of the nation's heart in poetry and for a national recognition of the vital art of literature.

Admittedly there is no present lack of true poets. In our midst are not a few, varied in charm and substantial in accomplishment, who have "touched to ecstasy the living lyre." But choice among them was not easy.

The Poet and the Nation

The ideal Laureateship requires the gift of fusing poetry with the corporate life of the nation, giving expression to its spirit and aims, its joys and sorrows. The Poet Laureate should be able to give a voice, with feeling, dignity, and beauty, to the soul of the nation when it is stirred by a fine impulse. Tennyson's Ode on the Death of Wellington is a magnificent example. Often the Laureate's response will take the form of elegy when the nation mourns its dead.

Among us we have several genuine poets, much admired, who have never given the faintest indication of fitness for writing of the Laureate type. They have dreaminess and fancy with a gossamer delicacy. They have music and atmosphere. Their work is admired in the spirit in which old lace is admired. They are poets, true; but they have no substantial relation to the staple life of man. Their work is ornamentation. In essence it is feminine. Yet they were mentioned, here and there, as suitable candidates for the Laureateship.

Four Poets of Quality

It seems to us that four poets can be confidently named as having given full assurance of their quality—Sir William Watson, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, and Sir Henry Newbolt. Of these, all things considered, especially considering age and vigour, Mr Masefield is an admirable choice.

Sir William Watson's verse is cast in the classical English mould. It always has the authentic ring in thought and music. He is keenly alive to the play of the human life of his day. His thought is grave, sincere, and never flimsy, and it can be understood by the average reader. He writes with dignity, power, and charm. Especially, in relation to the Laureateship, he has the grace of warm appreciation of what is best in men whom the world ought to admire, and there is no poet who has written elegies with a more satisfying appropriateness.

True to Tradition

The chance of the Laureateship passing to Sir William Watson, however, came too late, for he is 71, and his muse has been silent too long. It will be felt that the Prime Minister made an admirable choice in the circumstances.

Mr Masefield is true to the old tradition that Poetry takes no account of birth or upbringing in choosing a voice. Born in Liverpool in 1875, he served, a bitter apprenticeship to the sea, sailing as a common seaman in ships before the days of the steam-engine. Then he tramped America and earned his bread in humble and even sordid circumstances in New York. If the salt of the sea ran in his blood, poetry welled mysteriously in his heart, and it was as a writer that he sought his bread when he returned to London.

The quiet courage and aloofness of spirit which had enabled him to banish the horrid memory of his days as pot-man in an American drink saloon by

LIFE ON THE GREEN ROOF

IN British Guiana is an Equatorial forest covering thousands of square miles with its thick green canopy.

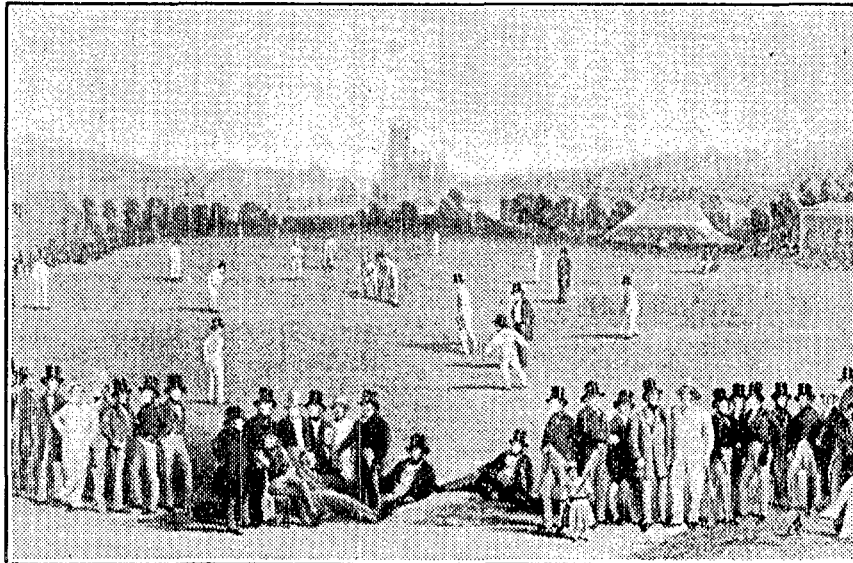
Major R. W. G. Kingston, who went there with an Oxford University Expedition, has described the deep shade, half twilight and almost night, on the forest floor. Animal life forsakes that level, and takes to the treetops.

On this green roof of British Guiana live monkeys which never come to the ground. Major Kingston also speaks of

sloths, squirrels, tayras, and opossums. Birds, of course, are there. Parrots, toucans, tanagers, flycatchers, humming-birds, know all about the roof of the forest, as do a few lizards and snakes. Scorpions and millipedes haunt the branches. Bats prey on the spiders which prey on the insects.

There is a whole world of life on this roof of the world, Guiana's forest world, and the forest itself is divided into strata of different kinds of living things.

KING CRICKET'S LONG REIGN



1830—A match between Kent and Sussex at Brighton



1930—The first match of the Australian tour, against Worcestershire at Worcester

This is going to be a great year for cricket. The presence in the visiting Australian team of so many new and young players will give a special interest to the Test Matches. These two pictures give an idea of the popularity of the game now and a hundred years ago.

Continued from the previous column

reading great prose and poetry up in his attic by night sustained him through the pinch of poverty and squalor of friendless days ashore. He began to produce poetry from his own experience.

Sea songs, songs of life aboard, with all its thousand chances, changes, hazards, glories, and distresses, found in him their mouthpiece. Perhaps no other poet has sung so splendidly of the sea as he. Raleigh was a great captain who could create fine poetry, but Masefield is a poet of true inspiration whom the sport of fate made a sailor.

His poems of the sea established his fame; then, with a yearning love for humanity in the hard, cruel ways of life ashore, he devoted his gifts to subjects near the heart of all mankind; and produced, in *The Everlasting Mercy* and other poems of real life, work of which something will live for all time.

Thriving with the tax imposed upon it, his genius proved astonishingly

fertile, and he poured out remarkable novels, plays, and studies of literature, with noble pictures in prose and verse of the scenes he moved in during the war.

To say that all he has written is either good or worthy would not be true; it would not be true of any man. Mr Masefield apparently does not perceive a folly which slips from his pen. He has not realised that gross violence of language, to which he descends at times, is not vigour so much as vulgarity.

But we have at last as Laureate a true poet, who has written verse as lovely as ever welled from the heart of genius. He will not write official odes and poems to order, but he will worthily wear the laurel which has come to his brow, and he will enhance the dignity of his unique and ancient office.

One of the odd customs still lingering in the world is the giving of a cask of wine to the Poet Laureate each year. The cask of wine, says Mr Masefield, will be no use to him, for he is a teetotaler.

RESTLESS ITALY

INCREASING HER LAND
AND SEA FORCES

90,000 Boy Fascists Join the
Blackshirt Army

MORE SHIPS AND MEN

Ninety thousand Italian boys who had been trained as Fascists at school and after were solemnly taken into the ranks of Mussolini's Blackshirt militia the other day.

It was the fourth annual levy, and in the central square of every town, in front of the serried Blackshirt ranks, each boy who had reached 18 since the last levy was solemnly presented with a rifle and took his place among his seniors, bringing their total up to over 300,000.

On the same day it was announced that the reserve of Italy's regular army was to be increased by including older men up to four years above the present age limit and bringing these men up for service on Sundays at regular intervals. This brings the reserve up to over 400,000 men.

Italy and France

And on the top of all this, on the very same day, two full-size cruisers of 10,000 tons each, two other boats of 5000 tons each, and a submarine of 800 tons were launched in fulfilment of Italy's shipbuilding programme.

A day or two later a further shipbuilding programme was announced, including another 10,000-ton cruiser, two more 5000-ton boats, and 22 submarines, four of them of 1300 tons each, all to be begun this year.

At the London Naval Conference Italy said she must have as large a navy as France, and France refused to agree. Now Italy is taking up the shipbuilding she suspended when the Conference was proposed. Evidently she means to "catch up" to France if she can. Already there is a demand in France for fresh shipbuilding which shall prevent her from doing so. And if France builds extensively, Britain and America and Japan, in their turn, may think themselves compelled to build also (as they agreed might prove necessary when they made their agreement with each other).

A Solemn Reminder

We hope and we believe it will not come to that, but the action of Italy shows how dangerous it was that the Naval Conference should have ended without an agreement with France and Italy. Britain was given the task of trying to secure such an agreement, and France and Italy promised to try too. Italy's action may be only intended as a reminder of the importance of coming to an agreement with her. But it is a dangerous way of doing it. It is a solemn reminder that the Peace of the World now rests with Italy and France, and we may all hope these two friends of ours will pause and consider before they set their interests against the interests of all humanity.

THE SURPRISES OF WIRELESS

Its Use in Finding Oil

So successful has been the prospecting for oil by wireless during the last year or two that the American Federal Radio Commission has allotted special short-wave wireless signals for this purpose.

In surveying for oil an explosion of dynamite is caused at a known distance below the ground, and at the same time a wireless signal is sent off. The surveyors, at some distance away, measure the time between the reception of the wireless signal and the hearing of the sound; and from this measurement they can find whether there are oil deposits in the territory between the explosion and the listeners.

FOUR BUTS

A REMINDER FROM
SIR GEORGE NEWMAN

The Work of Lord Shaftesbury
Still Waits to be Finished

BAD PEOPLE MADE, NOT BORN

We take these Four Buts from Sir George Newman's Shaftesbury Lecture in London the other day—the eighth lecture in honour of the memory of Sir John Kirk.

Sir George speaks with the weight of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, and his words remind us that the work Lord Shaftesbury began is still unfinished.

We are every year submitting something like two million children to medical supervision and treatment ;

but

Are we preventing the diseases which necessitate this treatment? We spend three and a half million pounds annually on their medical supervision; are we training them in a way of health and physical development which would guard them from illness?

We are subjecting all children to a system of compulsory education ;

but

Is it of a kind which teaches them the art of living, strengthens their character, cultivates their leisure, and awakens and guides their intelligence?

We provide for some of them satisfactory conditions of labour ;

but

Are we safeguarding them from unemployment (which is not the same as insuring them in it)? Are we habituating them to diligence, discipline, and thrift? Are we making them sound, skilful, and keen workmen?

We have introduced enlightened methods for dealing justly and educationally with the juvenile offender ;

but

Do we sufficiently appreciate the fact that young offenders are made and not born, and that we have got to find a remedy for the mental dullness, the emotional instability, the defective and disordered home life, and the non-moral habits which lead to delinquency and incapacity?

THE ROAD TO THE WAY OF PEACE

Concluding his Shaftesbury Lecture, Sir George Newman paid this high tribute to the work of the Shaftesbury Society, which carries on the old work of the Ragged School Union.

Here, as it seems to me, you are engaged in giving to tens of thousands a priceless gift which the State cannot give; human sympathy, homeliness, and the joy of life. You are employed in a national service of supplying medical, nursing, and convalescent aid to invalid and crippled children; in providing infant welfare centres and day nurseries, clothing, food, recreation, a home for the homeless, and a faith for the faithless; and in leading by the hand the poor children of London into the wide and winsome fields of Nature, or by "the scented shore of the sounding sea," where the dayspring from on high may visit them and guide their footsteps into the way of peace.

JUSTICE FLIES

An aeroplane has been used in Northern Canada as a means of catching a thief.

A bale of mixed furs, valued at a thousand dollars, had been stolen and the thief was making very good time as he travelled over the hard snow. He found, however, that his swift dog team was no match for the plane that swooped down upon him.

THE IKONOPHONE

One Step Farther in
Television

Successful television experiments were carried out the other day over telephone lines a mile and a half long with a new apparatus called the Ikonophone.

The viewing screen on which the person at the other end of the line could be seen was seven inches by five, much bigger than the screens generally used. The voice and the sight were transmitted at the same time, in perfect step.

The Ikonophone is a really practical instrument developed by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and may be a forerunner of television booths which can be used by the public.

LETTERS BY BUS

In this restless age nothing stops still, it seems. The latest thing to take up motoring is a letter-box.

It is attached to a motor-bus which runs through a country district in Scotland, and is put aboard a train at Tarbet, reaching Glasgow in time for the letters to be delivered that day.

People living in lonely places who once had to tramp miles to the letter-box must be very glad now that the letter-box comes to them. There are many trams in England on which letters can be posted.

SAVED FROM THE TIDE

A Manchester man has done a brave thing for some horses at Blackpool.

A girl of 18 was riding with a groom on the sands, and they were caught by the tide. The riders managed to scramble up to the promenade, but of course the horses could not do that, and there might have been a tragic ending to the tale if Mr Arthur Trentham had not gone to the rescue. He dived into the water and got the animals on to a slipway, where they were safe till the tide went down.

OPENING THE CAGE

A correspondent, writing of Easter in Russia, reminds us of one Easter custom that is especially pleasing.

People hunt around for birds in cages (finches, or starlings, or thrushes, or whatever they may be) and when they find a bird they buy it. Then they take the bird out of the cage, pat and stroke it, and set it free, while a crowd watches the bird fly away like a liberated soul.

The liberation of the bird is regarded as a symbol of the moral redemption of mankind.

TO SAVE A CAT

During a great storm off the coast of Florida, Rudolph Rewcastle, chief engineer of the oil-tanker El Lobo, crept along the wave-swept deck to rescue a cat, the ship's mascot.

But just at that moment a huge wave struck the tanker, broke the captain's bridge, smashed the lifeboat, and swept both engineer and cat overboard. Luckily, however, the mate managed to throw a lifebelt to the drowning man and he was hauled on board—with the cat in his arms.

A GREAT EGG FARM

Any idea that helps the farmer is good news, and we are glad to see that in the case of Ovaltine, the well-known food beverage made from milk, malt, and eggs, all the milk is from British farms.

As to the eggs, the manufacturers are establishing their own egg farm, which, extending over 300 acres, will be the largest and best equipped in the world.

Last Month's Weather

| LONDON | | RAINFALL | |
|-------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|
| Sunshine | 104 hours | Aberdeen | 3.07 ins. |
| Rainfall | 1.85 ins. | Liverpool | 2.91 ins. |
| Dry Days | 16 | Ross-on-Wye | 2.83 ins. |
| Wet Days | 14 | Calshot | 2.32 ins. |
| Warmest day | 25th | Croydon | 1.38 ins. |
| Coldest day | 19th | Dublin | 1.38 ins. |

BRIGHTER MINES

Music Down Below

The work of the miners is likely to be brightened by wireless in the mines.

Some tests have been made in a pit in Somersetshire which suggest that it would be possible to have music in the coal mines. The effects of the mine were very curious, however, as while music from 5 XX was quite good before the cage began to descend, the music stopped as soon as it had gone a few feet into the earth. In a shaft 1000 feet below the surface the music was quite clear again, and at this great depth below the surface music from London Regional was heard quite well. The miners also got the French Toulouse station quite strongly.

HE KNEW JANE EYRE

Have we lost the last link with the Brontës, sad writers of undying stories?

An old gentleman has just died in the Isle of Wight who could remember the famous Charlotte. He was the Rev. Charles William Heald, whose father was Canon Heald and a great friend of the novelist. Charlotte Brontë founded the character of Cyrus Hall in Shirley upon the lovable canon.

The old gentleman who has died was a small boy when Charlotte Brontë used to go to his father's vicarage in the last years of her short life. Fame and money had come to her then, but it can only have been a sad lady the little boy heard "was really Currer Bell who wrote Jane Eyre."

A PLANE IN THE STRAND

With the adventures of the gallant Duchess of Bedford and her pilots still fresh in our minds it has been nothing less than a thrill suddenly to find in the heart of London the actual Spider which carried them over deserts and seas and mountains.

Through the enterprise of the proprietors of Shell the famous monoplane was shown in front of Bush House, Strand.

It was a shabby old Spider which received the homage of so many people, the front covering patched together with safety-pins. Travel-stained, and with a conspicuous absence of luxury in the cabin, its Jupiter engines temporarily silent, the monoplane was indeed a symbol of the spirit of adventure.

THE RIGHT STUFF

Dr Herbert Bury has been relating an experience he had when he was Bishop for Northern and Central Europe.

He wrote to The Times asking for a clergyman to go to Serbia and give his help during an epidemic.

"Typhus is raging," he wrote; "cholera is expected with the summer months. There is no pay of any kind. Anyone going will have to do so at his own expense. Will anyone under these circumstances volunteer?"

Eighty clergymen volunteered within a week.

CLOVER

Research is doing much for agriculture. It is now established that it is most important to include Wild White Clover when sowing land for permanent pasture.

It does not die out quickly, it seems, like the ordinary white or Dutch clover, and it has many other remarkable qualities. It is splendid food; it makes a good sward and thus keeps down weeds, and it is very free from disease. Ordinary clover is troubled by clover sickness.

FAME

A German statistician has been amusing himself by counting the number of times the names of prominent foreign personages have been mentioned in the Berlin press.

He found that in six days Gandhi's name occurred 245 times, Mr Ramsay MacDonald's 175, Monsieur Briand's 140, Monsieur Tardieu's 91, and Signor Mussolini's 43.

LAST YEAR'S GIFT

TO THIS

GREAT PROMISE OF
FRUIT

The Summer of 1929 and the
Rich Blossom of 1930

MATCHLESS DAFFODILS

Whatever may be the result in fruit, we have had a record year for blossom. Veteran experts confess that they have never seen orchards and gardens with so abundant a display.

In some years, no matter how unfavourable the winter has been or how unkind the spring, although results as a whole may be unsatisfactory, in positions favoured by soil or aspect we still have a lavish exhibition of blossom on various trees. This year, however, every tree capable of bearing fruit seems to have added its utmost to the glory of the landscape.

The Source of Our Riches

It has been suggested by some that thanks are due to the mild winter; by others that the spring, after all, has been favourable. But generally speaking, judging from what has been written, there seems to be a sense of mystification over the rich privilege which the eyes of us all have enjoyed.

Probably botanists would tell us that the source of our floral riches is not, after all, so perplexing. They might say that winter and spring had very little to do with the matter, that we are witnessing a revelation from a genesis written by Nature last year.

The summer of 1929 was a period of drought such as few people had seen exceeded. Distressing as were the conditions for gardeners and farmers at the time in scorching up pastures and causing flowers to run their life cycle at an unnatural speed, the results were not wholly harmful. The wood of all trees underwent a ripening process from the Sun such as they rarely experience. It was the perfection of the young wood, the fruiting wood as it is called, which perfected the buds out of which this year's blossom has burst.

An Unprecedented Glory

This favour from the Sun was not restricted to the trees; the display of daffodils and other blooms arising from bulbs has this year excelled anything remembered by the present generation. The lovely old garden of Wiggie at Redhill, famous among thousands of people who visit it from all parts of the Empire in daffodil time, has this year shone with a glory unprecedented. Hundreds of thousands of daffodils, towering and stately, blew their golden trumpets there, lifting up the hearts of an immense multitude of visitors.

Mr Arthur Trower, to whose gracious welcome garden-lovers have for so many years been indebted, tells us that during the fifty years he has been cultivating his little realm of enchantment he has never before had such a show of excellent blooms. It was last year's Sun that did the work.

A GIRL'S FLIGHT TO INDIA

The Fastest Yet

On her daring flight from England to beat Mr Hinkler's record journey to Australia Miss Amy Johnson set up an astonishing record for light aeroplanes for the flight to India, which she reached in six days.

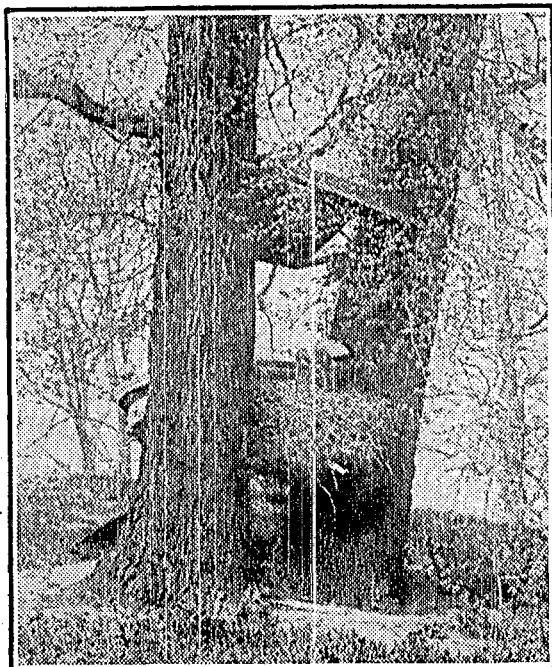
For the same journey Mr Hinkler took eight days, travelling 550 miles farther than Miss Johnson. Miss Johnson, a Yorkshire girl from Hull, was the first woman to take the ground engineer's certificate of the Air Ministry, and it is largely due to her skill as an engineer that such a wonderful flight has been possible.

May 24, 1930

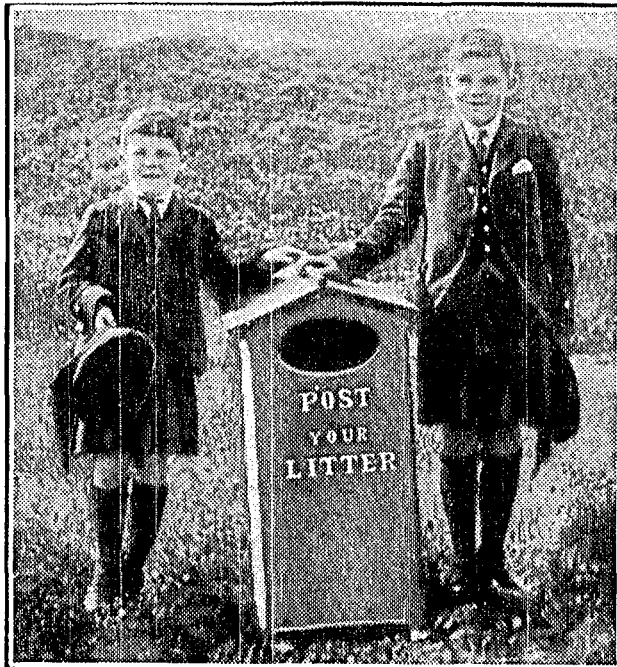
The Children's Newspaper

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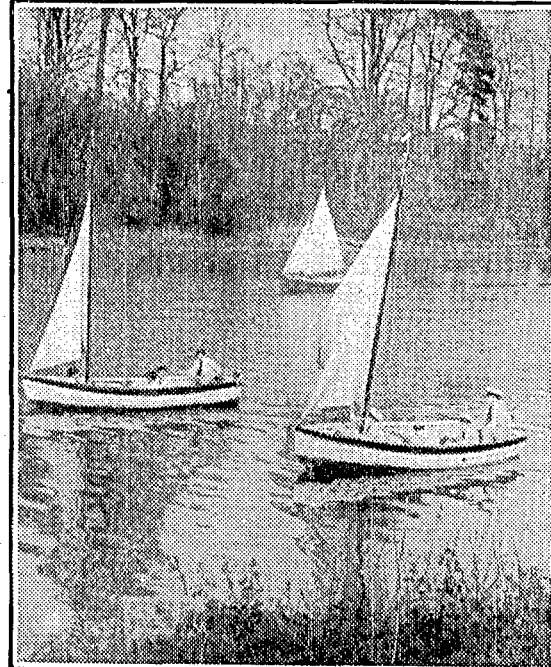
A FRIENDLY STORK • WAR IN THE ORCHARDS • POST YOUR LITTER



A Friendly Stork—At Kew Gardens a stork has built its nest between two trees and so close to the ground that visitors are able to see the bird feeding its young.



Post Your Litter—Two Scottish readers of the C.N. sent this picture showing one of the boxes provided by Braemar villagers for broken bottles, and so on. Litter Louts, please note!



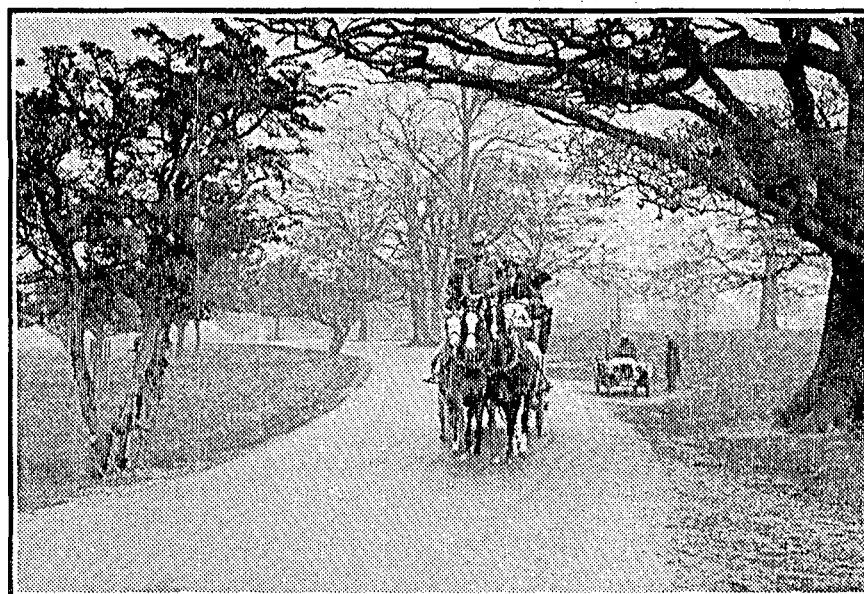
White Wings on the Thames—A friendly race in sailing dinghies between boys of the Nautical College at Pangbourne is seen here in progress on the Thames.



Old Friends in Favour Again—The Shetland pony is again coming into popular favour, and there is no better mount for young children learning to ride. Little Olga Astley, seen here with a group of these affectionate little animals on her father's farm at Chigwell in Essex, not only rides the ponies but helps her father in the care of them.



War in the Orchards—Judging by the amount of blossom on fruit trees this year there should be some fine crops in the autumn. Insect pests, however, must be fought. Here we see farm workers spraying the trees with insecticides in a Kent orchard.



The Old and the New—In this mechanical age the sight of a coach and four is all too rare. But for the baby motor-car this picture of the old Berkeley coach passing through Richmond Park might have represented a scene of many years ago.

THE SAVAGE LAND OF CANADA

A Woman Who Went There

A FORGOTTEN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

The Acting Agent-General for Nova Scotia has been saying that he hopes Jeanne Mance's memory will be honoured at the Empire Conference of the Red Cross Society next summer.

Sad to say few know her name, yet she was a great pioneer in one of the noblest professions in the world. Her portrait hangs in the headquarters of the Royal Empire Society, but the brave little woman has never reached the status of a popular hero.

Jeanne Mance was born in France in 1606, and left that safe, sunny land for Canada at a time when Canada was a wild, dangerous country inhabited by angry savages, who tortured and burned any intruders they could catch. The voyage, too, was long and perilous in those days, and when she saw France fading away Jeanne must have felt she would never see her native land again.

Twenty Years of Siege

But there was work waiting for her in Montreal's first hospital, a flimsy wooden building 60 feet long; and she believed that God meant her to do it, so in 1642 she became administrator and head nurse.

For 30 years she carried out her merciful work in that dreary place, and 20 of them were years of siege. If anyone had gone out the Iroquois would have scalped and burned him.

There were bloodthirsty savages outside and disease and hardship within. After a storm the snow had to be shovelled out of the wards, and every winter food and liquids froze on the tables.

How many people would have said it was impossible to nurse in such conditions, and would have taken the next ship back to dear, civilised France, where one could walk abroad with no fear of tomahawk or arrow!

Jeanne Mance was a frail-looking little woman, but she stuck to her guns. Because the sick needed her she remained in that caricature of a hospital till she died in 1673. She had surmounted huge difficulties, saved many lives, and gathered valuable knowledge for others.

Certainly she deserves an honoured place among the heroes of the world.

SPLITTING UP THE GRAMMES

Radium Centres for Britain

One of the miracles of healing of our time is recognised in the announcement that England and Scotland are to be divided into twelve national radium centres, each with its supply of radium for use in its hospital.

Apart from London, the centres in England are Bristol, Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and Sheffield. In Scotland, Aberdeen, Dundee, Edinburgh, and Glasgow have been selected; in Wales, Cardiff. Each of these centres is dowered with its share of the priceless 17 grammes of radium which the Radium Commission can spare out of its store of 22 grammes.

Each centre, therefore, has about a gramme and a half of this precious metal which Madame Curie discovered a generation ago, and the properties of which were at first merely a scientific curiosity.

But as the years have gone, especially the last few years, the value of radium in reaching deep-seated diseases which could be attacked in no other way has become more and more firmly established.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

Tom Moore

On May 28, 1779, Thomas Moore was born.

For well over a hundred years Thomas Moore has been the most popular Irish poet. He found in song his passport to fame, and some of his songs are better known and more widely sung than those of any other Irishman.

He is far from being the greatest Irish writer. No one would compare him with Swift, or Burke, or Goldsmith, but what he wrote lives in the memories of more people than can recall words of these three greater men.



Thomas Moore

His father was a grocer in Dublin, where Thomas was born. His mother was the daughter of a Wexford tradesman. From childhood the lad was bright and attractive. He picked up learning quickly and wrote verses as naturally as other boys wrote prose. At 15 he was entered as a student at Trinity College, Dublin.

He was too light-hearted to become famous for learning. He gathered knowledge that attracted him very much as he took to music, singing, merry company, and the writing of verses and skits. He could pen a graceful song with a dash of sentiment in it, make a melodious tune for it, and sing it in a sweet tenor voice with a manner that made the performance artistically complete. Everywhere he was welcomed and his family adored him.

His Cheerful Spirit

In this cheerful spirit he passed through the college course without special distinction, and then, when he was close on 20, came to London to qualify as a barrister, with a manuscript book in his pocket consisting of translations from the Greek poet Anacreon and an introduction to Lord Moira.

Moore's youth in Dublin was a time of bitter political strife, owing to the movement for disbanding the Irish Parliament and making London the only Parliamentary centre. Rebellion was plotted, and it ended, for the time being, in the execution of the young Irish patriot Robert Emmet. Thomas Moore was Emmet's friend, and only narrowly escaped complicity in the plots. Though he was destined to spend nearly all his life in England he remained an Irish patriot, as his poems plainly show.

Arrived in London he visited Lord Moira, who was attracted by his wit and charm and became his lasting friend. In a very short time, through Lord Moira's introductions, the youth had become a welcome visitor and entertainer in aristocratic London circles. His translations from Anacreon were published and admired, and also some lively youthful poems of little account. English literature shows no similar instance of immediate success through social patronage.

A Writer of Songs

He was still poor, but he was given a Government appointment in Bermuda, which he was allowed to keep while a deputy did the work. On his way back from Bermuda he travelled through the United States and Canada, and afterwards became a keen critic of the rough life then prevailing in America.

At 25 he was back in England, and found his right work as a writer of songs. His Irish Melodies, which contained such songs as *The Last Rose of Summer*, *The Minstrel Boy*, and *Off in the Stilly Night*, brought him more than £12,000. His political satires were handsomely paid for by *The Times*. His romantic poem, *Lalla Rookh*, a Persian tale, and his *Life of Lord Byron*, who was his friend, and his own *Memoirs* produced £7000 more. Still his Irish lack of carefulness often left him poor, and late in life, when his mental power waned, he needed the £300 a year which the Government allowed him. He died in Wiltshire on February 25, 1852.

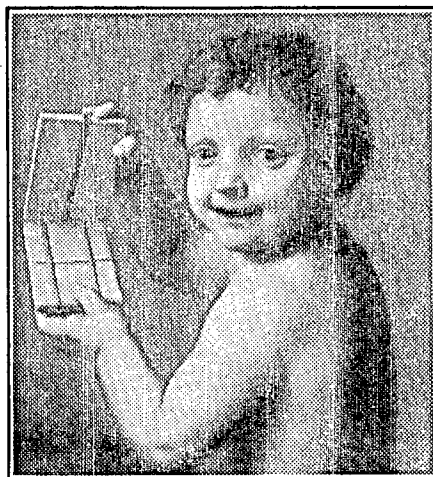
THE PUZZLE BOY

Most of us have been interested in the great adventure of an old toy which has found its way since the war into so many pockets. Since the passing of the gold sovereign and the coming of the Treasury Note what was once an ingenious puzzle has become a useful note-case.

And most of us, no doubt, have thought it a new idea, with its fascinating way of opening so that the notes seem to change sides, or actually do change sides.

Yet the idea is older than Shakespeare, probably much older, for we find it on the canvas of the fifteenth-century artist Bernardino Luini, and thousands of people saw it at the Italian pictures, to which it was sent from the collection at Elton Hall in Northamptonshire.

The picture once hung in the home of Nelson's Lady Hamilton, but long before then it belonged to Beckford of Fonthill, one of the most interesting characters of his day. Besides being the richest commoner in England at the end of the



The Boy with a Puzzle, by Bernardino Luini

18th century Beckford was also a writer of fantastic fiction and the builder of one of the quaintest palaces. He inherited a vast fortune from his father, who had been Lord Mayor of London, and it is said that he was handed over also no less than a million pounds in ready money.

Beckford determined to build himself a palace in the style of a medieval abbey. He built it on the site of some ruins among which he had played as a boy and from which he had probably derived his romantic tastes. He must have bought *The Boy with a Puzzle* to hang in this palace, for he bought it the year that he moved in.

An Astounding Tower

So enormous was the tower of his house, as seen from outside the eight-mile wall surrounding the estate, that it was rumoured that a carriage and pair could be driven up it. It was in this astounding tower that Luini's picture hung for nearly 20 years, though nobody thought then that it was Luini's, for up to about the middle of last century it was known as *Leonardo's Laughing Boy*.

Beckford eventually sold the picture to another amiable rich eccentric, John Farquhar, who used to walk about London looking like a tramp and lived in one room. In 1822 he suddenly woke up and bought Fonthill Abbey and the picture with it. Queerly enough, the gigantic tower collapsed the year after he bought it, and Beckford then did a funny thing—he bought the picture for a second time. From him it went to the tenth Duke of Hamilton.

A HANDFUL OF GREEN GRASS

An animal lover asks us to give room for this little appeal:

Will those who live in towns and keep a cat or a dog bring home a bunch of fresh green grass when they go into the country, and put it in water outside their house? Their animals will then help themselves. It is good for them, and they enjoy it.

WHO WAS ARNOLD TOYNBEE?

His Lasting Work for the East End Poor

THE GOSPEL OF SELF-HELP

The name of Arnold Toynbee found its way into the C.N. the other day. This, in a word or two, is the story of a man whose name was better known to his generation than to ours.

In Commercial Street, Whitechapel, amid a poverty-stricken neighbourhood, the fine institute called Toynbee Hall stands in memory of a noble man who pitied the hopeless misery of the poor and worked all his life to educate and uplift them.

As a boy he was delicate, and his father used to take him for long rambles on Wimbledon Common. In time the boy became interested in his father's schemes for helping the cottagers to understand the laws of health and keep their dwellings clean and wholesome. He was also fond of history, and when he grew to manhood went to Oxford to study it; but always and everywhere there burned in him the desire to help the helpless poor.

He soon came to the conclusion that merely to give money was of little use, that he must come into personal contact with those he wished to understand and help; that he must, in fact, live in the midst of them.

Noble Work of Inquiry

So in 1875 Arnold Toynbee went to Whitechapel, where he spent his time visiting and teaching. Thus he got a clear idea of the needs of the working-classes. He was too delicate to live long in the bad atmosphere of the slums, and after a time returned to Oxford as tutor to Indian Civil Service candidates; but he had gained the knowledge he wanted and continued to spread his ideas for helping the people.

He tried to find out the real causes of poverty and ignorance, and taught the need for rousing the moral nature of man. He thought this would be helped by cooperation among workers, which would induce an independent, self-respecting spirit.

But his life was not spared to carry out all his dreams. Toynbee was only 31 when he died, and there is no doubt that his life was shortened by his strenuous efforts; but he performed a noble work of inquiry and pointed out the pathway of reform. Today schools and polytechnics stand right in the midst of those who most need them, and it is to Arnold Toynbee that we owe this great factor in the lives of our poor.

TOO MANY POSTS IN THE STREETS

Is there not a danger in these days of overcrowding the corners of our streets with notice boards?

We must all know our One Way Streets, our Crossing Places, and our Keep Lefts and Keep Rights.

But many people must feel that there is a lack of co-ordination among those who put up all these announcements. There are places in London where posts are as close together as trees in a wood, and quite unnecessarily so. There are two posts on each side of a street where a notice on the standard in the centre would serve quite well. One of the worst places is Trafalgar Square, outside St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. But there are many examples of needless posts which become a nuisance to the public instead of a help.

SEVEN MILLION TONS OF FIRECLAY

A huge amount of fireclay has been discovered in South Staffordshire as a result of an accident. It will suffice to give 1500 tons of fireclay weekly for a hundred years. Fireclay is used for the lining of furnaces and for making bricks.

THE RING NEBULA IN LYRA

AND ITS WONDERFUL SUN
Stars in the Heavens Too Hot
For the Eye to See

WHAT THE CAMERA REVEALS

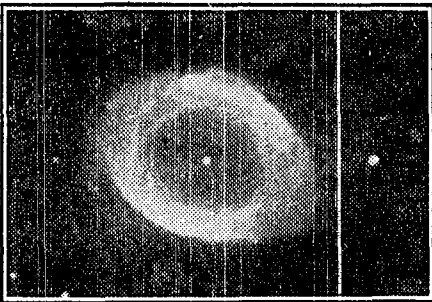
By the O.N. Astronomer

According to the discoveries of Dr Louis Berman, of the famous Lick Observatory, there are stars in the heavens too hot to be seen.

They are super-heated suns at surface temperatures of from 35,000 to 50,000 degrees Centigrade. At this terrific heat their light radiations are mostly at the ultra-violet end of the Spectrum, and are composed of light-waves too short for the eye to see.

Through the most powerful telescopes such a star appears very faint; but when photographed it comes out brilliantly as a flaming sun would. This is because the film of the photographic plate is much more sensitive to the glowing volume of ultra-violet light poured out by these colossal suns in a way that is impossible for our eyes to perceive. In many instances not even the most powerful telescopes will reveal anything.

Now it is possible for us to gaze at the precise spot where one of these



Lyra's Ring Nebula and its Sun

invisible suns exists. It is in the constellation of Lyra, described in last week's C.N., and its exact position may be located with the aid of the star-map.

Two moderately bright stars will be seen about ten times the Moon's apparent width below the brilliant Vega. These are Beta and Gamma in Lyra. Between these stars, and almost in a line with them, is one of these ghostly suns. It is about a third of the way from Beta toward Gamma and situated in the midst of a whirling mass of nebulous elements.

This mass is radiant and may be easily seen even in a comparatively small telescope with a lens of (say) three inches in diameter, through which the nebula will appear as an elliptical ring of light considerably larger than the disc of the planet Jupiter appears.

Actually it is very much larger than our Solar System, and probably the orbit of the newly-discovered planet beyond Neptune could go within this vast swirling ring of nebulous elements, the material, doubtless, of future worlds.

A New Solar System?

It was called Ring Nebula because of its early telescopic appearance; but now the higher-powers of the telescope, combined with photography, have shown this simple ring of light to be composed of numerous whorls of what looks like radiant mist, as shown in the photograph.

The bright star shown in the centre of this ring only appears so when its light is photographed. Even through the most powerful telescopes it shows so faint as to be scarcely perceptible to the eye. We see, therefore, that we have here one of those amazing suns almost invisible on account of its terrific heat, and surrounded by a vast envelope of radiant nebulosity and possibly fire-mist at a much lower temperature.

This envelope extends for many thousands of millions of miles around the central sun and may in long ages to come constitute a solar system to what will by that time have become a normal sun.

G. F. M.

WHO WOULD NOT LIVE IN THE COUNTRY?

Cambridgeshire Sets the
Pace of Progress

Cambridgeshire is giving a fine lead to all the counties. In the autumn it will open at Sawston its first Village College, and its aim is to open ten other centres of a similar kind.

The demands of education and social services for young and old are now so many that it is quite clear each separate village cannot afford to provide its own, and there is no reason why it should try. Half a dozen or more villages grouped round a central village can, however, with modern modes of quick travel, afford to offer to everybody, old and young, a thoroughly practical education, recreative facilities, and a central home for the many fine voluntary associations, such as women's institutes, Boy Scouts, and Girl Guides.

Public life of all kinds, in short, must be organised on a bigger scale.

Sawston College

The Sawston college will serve six villages. Its cost will be about £16,000. The central school for boys and girls in the daytime and men and women in the evening will have a domestic science block and a workshop and laboratories. The college hall, for teaching and for social gatherings and entertainments, will seat 400. There will be a library and reading-room; rooms for social welfare work and for committee meetings; and six acres of recreation ground.

In this way much better services will be provided, overlapping will be prevented, and rural life will have knowledge and brightness brought into its midst on a level with the towns, with all the advantage of country healthiness.

Generous Private Donors

To bring about this state of things, this intelligent unifying of many forms of public effort, the County Council and the Government's Board of Education and Ministry of Agriculture are being joined by the Carnegie Trust, and most generously by another American Fund (the Spelman); and some private donors like the prospect so well that they have handsomely subscribed toward the £124,000 capital cost of the general scheme. It seems as if Cambridgeshire will be first in the field with a really comprehensive county scheme for raising the whole rural community in efficiency and health and educated interest.

Who would not prefer to live in the country when all the advantages of towns are brought within reach?

A VERY CHEAP GUIDE

Traveller's Guide to Britain and Ireland. (Trade and Travel Publications. 4s.)

For those who want the cheapest possible guide, packed with an abundance of information, this book will be welcome. Nothing could be cheaper. It has plenty of good maps and pictures, and an index which, unlike indexes to other guides we know, directs you to the information you require.

It is, of course, only by the inclusion of advertisements that such a book can be made so cheap, and we hate a book with advertisements bobbing up everywhere. Most hurried travellers, however, will probably feel themselves compensated for this by the obvious virtues of this guide. We could wish, therefore, that in glancing through it we had not come upon its notes concerning Nottingham, for some of them are as wrong as anything could be and entirely out of date. Any Nottingham reader will smile to read page 321 in a book published in 1930.

On the other hand, we find the book an enormous advantage over the Blue Guide, which by some extraordinary miscalculation of judgment has been devised in this motor age mainly for those travellers who go by rail.

THAMES HOUSE ANOTHER FINE BUILDING FOR LONDON

And British to the Backbone

LAYING A TRAP FOR OLD FATHER THAMES

The house that Jack built would seem a matchbox compared with the wonderful London house British workmen are building to adorn the river front at Millbank.

Thames House will be one of the largest buildings in the world to be used entirely for offices. Over 11,000 tons of steel and five million bricks and other materials will help to make up its weight of 250,000 tons, and apart from the site the two vast blocks of offices will cost two million pounds. Over the thoroughfare of Page Street they will be linked by a beautiful arched bridge.

Sir Frank Baines, the architect, has chosen the best period of English Renaissance style and adapted it to suit the modern materials of steel and concrete used for the building.

Already its huge skeleton of interlaced steel girders soars above the river at New Lambeth Bridge.

Change and Improvement

Change and decay in all around I see! wails the pessimist. But most Londoners see about them only change and improvement. This great concentration of business life in Westminster, this commercial move from the congested City to the West, may have a great influence on the future of London.

No jerry-builders would have persevered in the herculean task of digging out 150,000 tons of mud, peat, and green sand, right through into the clay beneath, before the foundations could be laid. The tides of Old Father Thames had to be kept back, also the shifting of surrounding soil, by building an immense tank of steel piling, brick walls, a coat of asphalt, and masses of concrete, and in this the foundations were laid.

Three miles of corridors will run through the eleven storeys of the vast interior, which will be kept clean by pipes sucking up the dust and conveying it to the basement. The temperature will be regulated by automatic control, and during intense heat the air can even be refrigerated.

Except for the marble used in decoration, practically the entire fabric of the building will be British.

WHO IS CALLING?

A Simple Way to Identify
Wireless Stations

Most owners of wireless sets are able to hear foreign stations although quite often their identity is unknown. By means of a graph it is possible to identify as many foreign stations as the set is capable of receiving.

Number the squares along the top of the graph paper from 0 in tens to as high as your dial reads. Down the left-hand side number similarly the wave-band possible on your set; say, for example, from 550 down to 200.

Now mark on the graph the positions of three known stations. Say one of these has a wave-length of 450 with a reading on your dial of 90. Place a mark where the lines from 90 above and 450 at the side intersect.

When three stations at fairly wide intervals are thus placed join up the three marks with a curve, using a compass or a pencil and string.

The curve, if accurately drawn, will show the wave-length of any station your set can receive. If, for instance, a station comes in with your dial at 60 note where the curve intersects line 60. The horizontal line intersected at the same point gives the wave-length. Having ascertained this the name of the station can easily be found from published lists.



When your child is
sleepless

This remedy rarely fails

Irregularity is a common cause of sleeplessness, both in children and adults. When a child is wakeful and fretful, see if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign the stomach, liver and intestinal tract are clogged with poisons and fermented waste. Simply give a dose of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the poisons and fermenting food passes out of the system, and you have no more anxiety over the child's excitability and wakefulness at night. Children love this harmless "fruit laxative." It banishes biliousness and irregularity, regulates the system, and ensures pure blood, a clear complexion, joyous spirits, a keen brain, healthy appetite, and helps to found a strong constitution.

Ask your chemist for "California Syrup of Figs," 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle (full directions on label). Emphasise "California," and no mistake will be made.



"May I have
one now?"

There's no waiting about Sharp's Eaton Toffee! The flavour is so tempting, and the toffee is so wholesome and nourishing that it simply demands to be eaten at once. Take a tin home, and see if anyone can wait!



Odol

£45
in
Cash
Prizes!

PAINTING OR CRAYON COMPETITION

CLASS ONE

Age up to 8 years

5 PRIZES OF £2

and 15 consolation prizes
of complete Odol
Dentifrice Caskets.

CLASS TWO

Ages 8 to 13 years

5 PRIZES OF £3

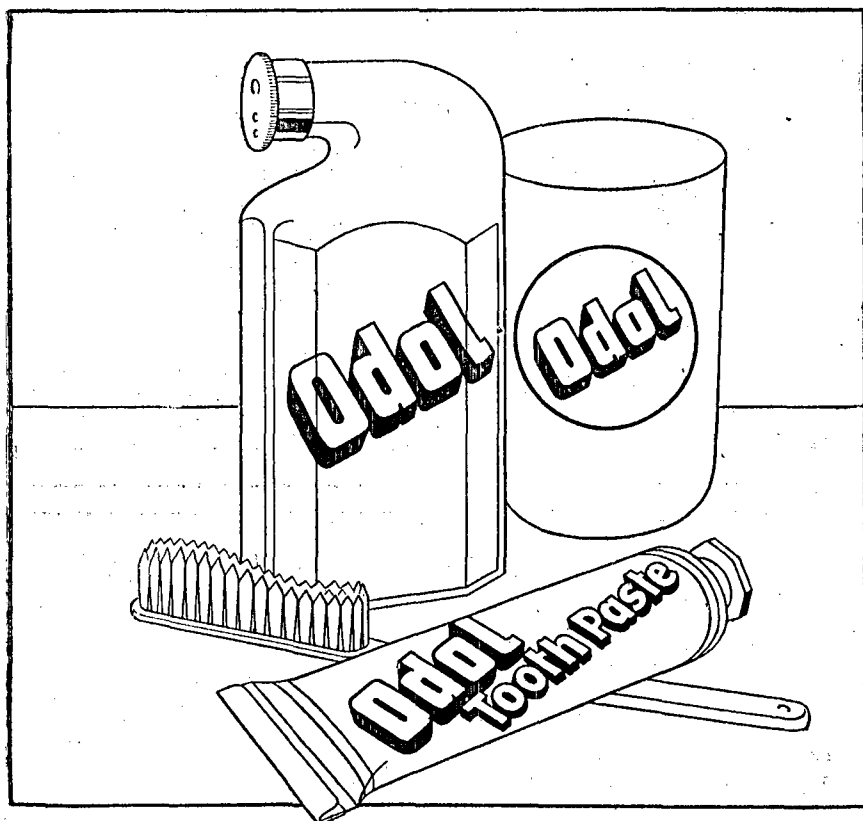
and 15 consolation prizes
of complete Odol
Dentifrice Caskets.

CLASS THREE

Ages 13 to 16 years

5 PRIZES OF £4

and 20 consolation prizes
of complete Odol
Dentifrice Caskets.



ALL YOU HAVE TO DO is to colour with water paints or crayons this outline drawing which represents the contents of the beautiful Odol Dentifrice Casket, containing the Flask of Odol Mouth Wash, the tube of Odol Tooth Paste, the Odol Toilet Glass, and the Odol Tooth Brush. You may use any scheme of colouring you choose, disregarding the well-known Cambridge blue and black colour scheme which is identified with the Odol Dentifrice preparations, WITH THE EXCEPTION of the TOOTH PASTE TUBE, which MUST BE in the ODOL COLOURS.

ALL PRIZES MUST BE WON. NOTHING TO PAY. NOTHING TO BUY.

The prizes will be awarded to the best efforts received in the respective classes, which are arranged according to age.

Rules and Instructions.

(1). Not more than two entries can be accepted from each competitor. (2). Cut out the whole of this advertisement, write your name and address clearly on the coupon, get the certificate of parent, guardian or teacher completed, and enclose in a gummed-down envelope, using a 1½d. stamp, and addressed to: ODOL PAINTING COMPETITION, Cranbux Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich, and post so that it is received by us on or before June 2, 1930. (3). Employees of Messrs. Cranbux Ltd. (and Associated Companies) are not allowed to compete. (4). The judges' decision will be final. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this Competition. No responsibility can be accepted for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and proof of posting does not waive these conditions. (5). Failure to comply with any of the above rules involves disqualification. (6). Results will be published in the C.N. dated July 5.

FREE ENTRY FORM CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER ODOL PAINTING or CRAYON COMP.

To 'Odol' PAINTING Competition, Cranbux Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich.

In submitting my entry for this Competition in Class [], I agree to abide by the conditions outlined.

NAME AGE

ADDRESS

SIGNED [PARENT, TEACHER
OF GUARDIAN]

C.N. TOUR OF THE MOTHERLAND The Prizewinners

This week we are able to give the complete list of prizewinners in the C.N. Tour of the Motherland contest, with the list of correct solutions.

No competitor succeeded in giving an entirely correct solution of the six sets of clues. The first grade of prizes has therefore been increased to twenty-six Lissenola portable wireless sets or cabinet gramophones (the winners having choice), which have been awarded to the following, whose efforts came nearest to correct with four, five, six, or seven errors.

Arthur R. Bagley, 413, Bolton Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

Dorothy Bannister, 15, Vernon Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.

Katharine Barran, 3, The Terrace, Boston Spa. Frank Bell, 6, Alpha Terrace, Barugh Green, Barnsley.

Miss D. J. Bingham, 1, Medusa Road, Catford. Olive Burrell, 31, Sprowston Road, Norwich. Sylvia B. A. Clarke, 119, Lothair Road, Finsbury Park.

Eric M. Dance, School House, Swanley, Kent. Margaret Golding, 18, Moor Crescent, Gosforth, Newcastle.

Samuel McK. Gow, 9, Bentinck Street, Greenock.

Joyce Hedley, 43, Silverdale Road, Town Lane, Bebbington.

Rosemary Howard, Pollards, Loughton.

P. Jenkinson, 5, Clyde Terrace, Stockton.

A. Margaret Jones, Hollyhurst, Llannerch Road W., Rhos-on-Sea.

B. M. Kirkwood, 108, Gala Street, Glasgow. Owen Morris, 3, Rectory Road, Barnes.

Beatrice Norman, 14, Lansdowne Road, Wimbledon.

W. H. R. Parfrey, 22, Denham Road, Epsom. Marjorie E. Rouse, 128, Pelham Road, Gravesend.

Irene M. Scott, 11, Eliot Place, London.

Jack P. Seagers, 10, Market Hill, Woodbridge, Suffolk.

Margaret Smith, Towerhill House, Kilmaurs, Ayrshire.

G. H. B. Stephenson, Rutland Villas, Petersfield, Croft, Leicester.

Dorothy Taylor, 97, Kiln Lane, Milnrow, near Rochdale.

Mollie Thomson, 38, Holly Park, Finchley.

Clifford M. Tubb, "Gadlys," Cromwell Road, Risca, Mon.

It will be remembered that a hundred other prizes were offered, the winners to choose from a list including portable gramophones, cameras, watches, tennis rackets, cricket bats, and so on. It has been found necessary to depart a little from this arrangement and award 50 prizes in this second grade, the value of the remainder being represented in a further 105 prizes awarded in a third grade. Here are the names of the 50 second-grade prizewinners, each of whose lists contained eight errors.

Mary E. Adams, Walsall Wood; Kathleen R. Anderson, Kirkcaldy; Elsie Atkins, Manchester; Miss G. Barker, Upton Park; Miss O. Bates, St. Helens; Marjorie Beck, Altrincham; Raymond Bege, Glasgow; Elsie Billing, Northampton; Joan E. M. Blunt, Chelworth; Ronald F. Brodie, Leeds; John N. Chilcott, Teddington; Morris T. Cooper, Burnley; H. A. Copeman, Weston-super-Mare; Beryl P. Crick, Sudbury, Middlesex; E. May Dales, Nottingham; Herbert G. Dean, Wolverton; Miss H. Derbyshire, St. Helens; Albert E. Dutton, Birmingham; B. Evans, Kentish Town; Euphan Farrar, Midlothian; Nora France, Hyde; Edwin Garden, Aberdeen; Ronald Garden, Aberdeen; Jean Garrett, Stockport; Elizabeth G. Green, Derby; Margaret Grimble, Southall; Arthur Grimwade, Barnes; Joan Howard, Birmingham.

Mary Mackay, Oldham; Annie M. D. MacPherson, Barrow-in-Furness; Kathleen Mann, Mansfield; Doris Matthews, Exmouth; M. M. Meadon, Manchester; G. A. Mills, Greenock; Mary Mudd, South Hackney; Ronald Nelms, South Hackney; Leonard Nixon, Darlington; Joyce E. Noble, Bourne, Lincs; Teruko Okada, Brondesbury; May S. Orr, Hamilton; Pattie Price, Wellington; Sydney Price, Wellington; Enid Selbie, Glasgow; D. S. Smith, Markyate, nr. St. Albans; Yvonne Stephens, Bodmin; Peter Taylor, Henley-on-Thames; Winston White, Sutton-in-Ashfield; Joan Wilson, Sudbury, Middlesex; W. G. H. Woolgar, Sutton Valence; K. M. Youle, Bradford.

One hundred and five readers, whose names appear below, sent lists containing nine errors. Each of these readers has been awarded a special consolation prize of a Waterman writing set, consisting of a fountain pen and a propelling pencil.

Joyce M. Abson, Mary Aldcroft, Anne, Alford, Ethel D. Banwell, Muriel Beardsell, Suzette

C. L. N.

Wake Up, London!

Number of Members—16,302

It is sad to see that the boys and girls of London seem to be lagging behind other centres so far as membership of the Children's League of Nations is concerned. This ought not to be, and we hope we shall be able to report that boys and girls from all over London are joining up.

One of the best boroughs in London is Edmonton, and in one of the schools there so many children have joined the C.L.N. that a Junior Branch of the League of Nations Union has been formed so that the members can meet together regularly.

It is said by Lancashire folk that London thinks tomorrow what Lancashire thinks today. We must hope this will prove the case as regards C.L.N. membership, for one Lancashire town in particular has set a splendid example. This is Oswaldtwistle, near Accrington, where hundreds of boys and girls have enrolled. As in the case of Edmonton, a Junior Branch has been formed. Another Lancashire town (Preston) also deserves special mention for having enrolled sufficient C.L.N. members to form a Branch at the Grammar School.

Will London please wake up and see that in every borough there is at least one contingent of keen C.L.N. members?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,

15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence for the card and badge (stamps at home, international coupons abroad). Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.



The C.L.N. Badge

Continued from the previous column

Bouchier, Dora Bradbury, Julia Brown, William Buckie, Eric A. Camfield, Nettie Campbell, Betty Carpenter, Dennis Clamp, W. Claridge, Guy B. Coles, Brian M. Coward, Roy Davies, Roy T. Davies, George W. A. Dick, Sidney W. Douglas, Edwin C. Doward, Walter T. Dunby.

Frederick Earnshaw, Frederick Elliott, Tom Emmerson, Joan Evans, Elizabeth B. Ewing, Stanley Falconer, Innes N. Farrar, Edith M. Forrest, Nancy Galbraith, Isabel Garlick, Pauline Goodyer, Ian Gordon, S. Govan, W. J. Green, Elsie M. Hancock, Muriel J. Harris, Peggy Hartley, Brian W. Haslam, Francis B. Hatfield, Margaret Hill, Margaret Hillman, Donald Hills, Betty Holt, Edith Horne, Rosemary Hothersall, P. Howard, Jessie N. Howie.

Margaret L. Jenkins, G. J. Jennings, Muriel Johnson, Richard Kempley, Alexander King, G. Loughton, Cyril M. Lavington, Helen Leatham, Dorothy Leonard, Lucy Lomax, Arthur Lowe, Joan Luckley, Stuart G. McAlpine, James F. Mackay, Lincoln H. Martin, B. D. Meadows, Margaret Metcalfe, Billy Midwinter, D. J. Moore, William Moss, Alfred E. Murray, D. A. Parry, Ella Pirie, Leslie Pope, L. Preston, Frank S. Priestley, John R. Priestley, G. L. Pring.

Angus B. O. Ramsay, Tom Robertson, Peggie Robson, F. W. Rothwell, L. W. Rowley, Janet Saunders, Norman W. Scopes, Joyce Selby, Ronald Smith, Robert H. V. Spalding, Walter Steven, Marjorie Stringward, Margaret Sutcliffe, F. J. Taylor, Harold Terry, Mabel Thompson, George P. Tidmarsh, Miss M. A. Turner, Primrose Vivian, V. D. Warren, S. J. M. Webb, Margaret E. Webber, G. N. West, Dennis Wilford, Ethel Wilmott, Annie Wood, A. A. Wood, Melissa Woods.

Here is the correct list of places visited during the C.N. Tour of the Motherland.

1. Barnet. 2. Dunstable. 3. Bedford. 4. Kettering. 5. Peterborough. 6. Grantham. 7. Nottingham. 8. Worksop. 9. Wakefield. 10. York. 11. Darlington. 12. Durham. 13. Blyth. 14. Otterburn. 15. Kelso. 16. Edinburgh.

17. Callander. 18. Grangemouth. 19. Douglas. 20. Dumfries. 21. Greta Green. 22. Keswick. 23. Coniston. 24. Lancaster. 25. Bolton. 26. Macclesfield. 27. Chester. 28. Denbigh. 29. Bangor. 30. Dolgelly. 31. Montgomery. 32. Hereford.

33. Worcester. 34. Gloucester. 35. Westbury. 36. Wells. 37. Tiverton. 38. Barnstaple. 39. Kingswear. 40. Lyme Regis. 41. Salisbury. 42. Winchester. 43. Littlehampton. 44. Lewes. 45. Pevensey. 46. Canterbury. 47. Rochester. 48. Croydon.

The Editor offers his congratulations to all successful readers, and feels sure that the thousands of others who entered found much satisfaction in the entertaining nature of the contest.

STARSHINE LETTERS

'They Brighten Up Dull Lives

WILL YOU WRITE ONE?

Stars are not seen in sunshine, says the proverb, and people whose lives are happy do not as a rule think it a treat to get a letter.

But there are people for whom the coming of a letter is a great event. Their days are all dreariness and pain, with no pleasures or excitements to break the dullness. Day after day the crippled boy must sit watching others play, and the bedridden old lady must be looking through her little slum window at the chimney-pots beyond. It would be a wonderful thing for either of them to get a letter and to feel for a while that someone cared for them.

Shakespeare calls stars blessed candles of the night. The Starshine Letter Mission seeks to light candles in the night of loneliness. Each member promises to send regularly a letter, postcard, or paper to some invalid child or lonely old soul.

Many Good Works

This does not cost much money or trouble, and it brings great joy. Very young people and poor people can undertake such a charity as this.

If anybody wants to be a starshine writer but does not know of a lonely person let him write to the Shaftesbury Society, at 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., and a name will be sent. Among its many good works for the very poorest children the Shaftesbury Society runs a Crutch and Kindness League which seeks to find for each crippled slum child a friend who will send a letter at least once a month and presents at Christmas and on birthdays.

Sometimes these friends have been able to do more, and have given country holidays to their correspondents or visited them in hospital. Everyone is not lucky enough to be able to do that, but everyone can afford to write a letter and can prove the truth of the Starshine Motto:

*Love lightens labour,
Glorifies the day,
Lights the stars up in our sky,
And chases care away.*

DACDYLOMUSICOGRAPH

"Hello! Is that Universal Secretaries? This is Mr Vaughan Williams. I want a secretary to help me with a new opera."

"I will send someone at once, Mr Vaughan Williams."

"And please tell her to bring her own dacylomusicograph."

"Her what, Mr Williams? Oh, I'm afraid we haven't one."

"I am sorry, but she would be no use without one."

That sort of conversation may now be expected at any moment, thinks Peter Puck.

He has just heard that the prize of the Royal Institute of Science at Milan has been awarded to Andrea Serretto for his dacylomusicograph, a typewriter which will type musical notation. He has spent ten years in perfecting his machine, which will inscribe notes vertically or horizontally and can deal with all sorts of difficulties.

The C.N. announced some time ago that the musical typewriter seemed to be invented at last, but we had no idea that it had adopted the name of a sort of prehistoric monster.

What we want to know now is when we shall find the dacylomusicograph in Mr Selfridge's catalogue. And will it be so expensive that the only people who can afford to buy it will be those who play nothing but bridge and golf and consequently do not want one?

MOOT POINTS And Points About the Moot

Among the notices of meetings advertised in the Press the other day was one of a Wardmote, a word of dull sound which enshrines many centuries of historical significance.

It would be impossible to tell the story of England without the use of the most vital part of this word, for mote or moot is the old Saxon word for meeting. Moot halls, which still survive up and down the country, were the old Saxon places of meeting; moot means to debate, to bring forward for discussion at the moot or mote.

It was a greater Wardmote which decided the religious destiny of England. When Paulinus accompanied the daughter of our first Christian princess to her home in Northumbria, where she married the pagan King Edwin, a Witenagemote was called by the king to decide whether his people should accept the religion of the new queen or continue to worship the old idols.

An Uninvited Stranger

The Witenagemote meant a meeting of the wise men of the kingdom. It must have been one of the strangest motes ever held, for Christian and pagan speakers addressed the council in turn, and the heathen priests declared that the worship of the gods was not accompanied by reward, by benefit, by happiness, or by length of life.

There was an uninvited stranger at that famous Witenagemote, for it was there that a sparrow flew into the hall and became a witness for the idea of the eternal shelter afforded by the promise of immortality held out by Christianity. It was at that meeting that it was decided to adopt Christianity and that Coifi agreed to destroy the idols in the temple at Goodmanham.

Wardmotes are regularly held in the city of London; they have a new interest for us when we remember what their name means.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Passengers travelling by Imperial Airways can now reach India in seven days.

Nearly 9000 parents or young men consulted the Y.M.C.A. last year about emigration.

Woodfull, the Australian Test captain, is a schoolmaster, a teetotaler, and a non-smoker.

Bibles by the Million

Over twelve million Bibles have been sold by the Bible Society during the past year.

Kent's Village Libraries

There are now 350 villages in Kent with libraries stocked by Kent's Motor Library van.

A Nelson Tea-Caddy

The National Maritime Museum at Greenwich has received a tea-caddy presented to Lady Hamilton by Nelson in 1803.

New Engines for the G.W.R.

A hundred new engines have just been ordered by the Great Western Railway. They will cost a quarter of a million pounds.

Cremona's Famous Fiddler

A valuable collection of Stradivarius relics has been presented to the city of Cremona, the birthplace of the famous instrument maker.

One More Hero

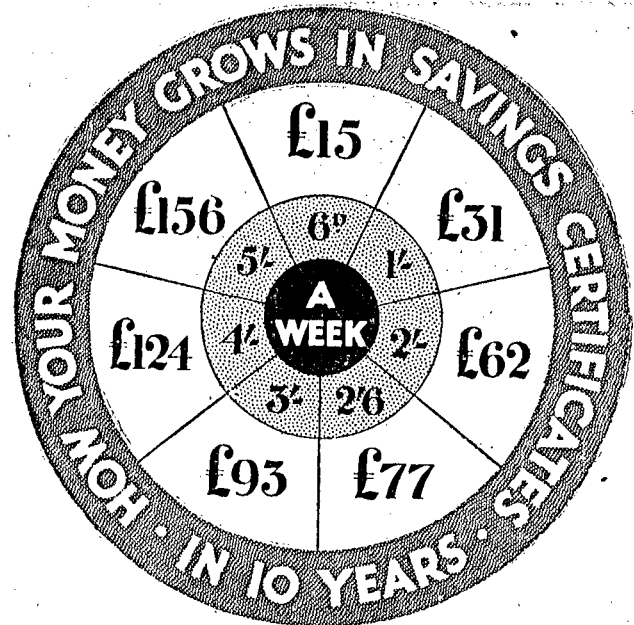
One more X-ray pioneer, Dr Gemlen of Newcastle Infirmary, has had to give up his work through losing several fingers from each hand.

Shakespeare's Birthplace

During 1929 over a hundred thousand people paid for admission to Shakespeare's birthplace, and over 80,000 visited Anne Hathaway's cottage.

Fewer Taxis

There are nearly 2000 fewer taxicabs in London than in pre-war days. Improvements in other travelling facilities and the increase in the number of private cars are the reasons given.



Grasp this wheel of fortune

—Ready to your hand.

Say what shall your Savings be

Week by week, and you will see

In ten years how you'll stand.

NATIONAL Savings CERTIFICATES

National Savings Certificates can be obtained in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates, costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40 and £80 respectively. They can be obtained from any Money Order Post Office, or Bank, or through a Savings Association.

Planning your Summer holidays yet?

Dear C.N. Readers,

Have you begun thinking about your Summer Holidays yet? In many homes Father and Mother are already making their plans, and happy sons and daughters are being let into the secret and know by now where their holidays will be spent.

I suppose every one of my readers will be going away for a holiday this summer as usual, for weeks or very likely for a month or more. I hope you will all come back home again brown and bonnie, and splendidly "fit."

The Tragedy of the Boy Who Could Not Go.



NO TICKETS LEFT. HOPING TO THE LAST. VISIONS OF WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN. DESPAIR!

I wish I were able to give more ailing boys and girls in Stepney long holidays. They need them badly enough, but I am afraid that I shall only be able to send 500 or 600 of the most sickly and delicate to a Holiday Home for a fortnight. That costs 30/- each.

The rest of them—15,000 or over—will have to be content with just a day's outing, and some of that number will be disappointed, I fear, and have no holiday at all, unless money comes in very quickly and very generously.

Will you help me to give health and happiness to very poor children? A day's outing for one costs 2/-. Will you pay for just one? Better still, will you get up a collection in your class, school, or home, and send me (say £1) for a holiday for ten little East Enders?

The envelope should be addressed to

The Rev. F. W. Chudleigh,

EAST END MISSION,

Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

Any sum will be gratefully acknowledged.

CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 17 The Highest Point

A GOLDEN dawn breaking slowly over the great waste of waters found the three still paddling, but even Parami was showing signs of fatigue. As for Jim, his body was one great ache, and though his paddle still rose and fell the action was simply that of a machine that is wound up and goes on until it runs down. As in a dream he heard Parami's voice: "I see him island."

Jim looked up, and there, straight ahead, a tall mountain seemed to rise straight out of the calm sea. The top caught the rays of the sun which to them was still below the horizon and shone like a beacon.

Don roused himself. "I know it," he said. "It's Omoto." "What's it like?" asked Jim hoarsely. "I don't know much about it; it's small and I don't think there are any natives. It's just a volcanic peak."

"Can we land?" "I think so." "Thanks be. I'm all in, Don." "I should just about think you were, you poor chap," replied Don. "I'm pretty near finished myself. Can you last another hour?"

Jim braced himself. "Rather!" he said, with a brave attempt at a smile. Parami spoke.

"We stop and grub," he suggested. "That's a good notion," Don agreed. They stopped paddling, and Parami dived into the food sack and brought out biscuits and potted meat. Jim could not eat much but he drank two tin cups of water, and it did him good. His hands were badly blistered, and Parami made him rub a little butter on them. The great red sun was just heaving itself out of the sea when they started paddling once more.

Of the next hour the less said the better, for it was a terrible one. Yet at last they won to land to find a steep beach of white sand lying beneath a tall cliff. And in the cliff opposite was a deep, narrow ravine which seemed to lead upward into the high centre of the island. Here they staggered ashore, and Parami looked round.

"I think him safe," he said. "I think we sleep." Dragging the canoes up just far enough to be safe from drifting away, the three managed to reach the shaded gorge, and there they dropped on the dry sand and were fast asleep almost as soon as they reached ground.

The shadows had turned from west to east when Jim was roused by someone gently shaking him.

"You better?" asked Parami in his soft voice.

Jim sat up. "Heaps," he said, "and hungry as a horse."

Parami smiled and nodded. "Grub ready," he said, and pointed to a little fire on which a pot of coffee simmered.

"You are a brick," Jim said, and Parami, though he had probably never seen a brick, understood the compliment and smiled again. Don was awake too, and to both him and Jim that coffee was the most delicious drink they had ever known. They drank it all, they ate biscuits, potted meat, and bananas, then Don pointed to a tiny thread of water which ran down the ravine.

"A wash, then we must get on," he said.

They found a little pool clear as crystal and deliciously cool, and stripped and bathed. Parami had already bathed and was filling the water-cans. As he came back with them to the beach his face was thoughtful.

"You know where go?" he asked of Don.

Don shrugged. "That's just what's been puzzling me. I've been trying to worry out which way Jansen has gone. He'd want, of course, to sell the pearls as soon as he could, and the question is where would he find the best market."

"Surely Thursday Island," said Jim.

"I'm not so sure. The dealers there are pretty smart. But the main objection to his going in that direction is that he couldn't take the Dolphin there."

"For all we know he may have scuttled her," said Jim bitterly.

"I don't think it. She's worth seven hundred, and Jansen isn't the sort to chuck that away."

"Then where could he have gone?"

"Well, we can be sure he hasn't gone North, for all those islands to the North are in the Japanese mandate. And he hasn't gone due South for that's New Guinea, and no good to him. But he might make for Broome."

"That's on the west coast of Australia, isn't it?" asked Jim.

"North-west. But it's one of the main pearling centres, and he'd be safer there than at Thursday Island."

"Suppose we see," suggested Parami. "What on earth do you mean?" asked Don in great surprise.

Parami pointed upward to the tall peak that rose above them. "We go up there, perhaps we see," he said.

Don whistled softly. "I never thought of that. Jim, he's right. It's been almost dead calm for the past thirty-six hours, and I don't believe that Jansen would have used his engine, for he never believed there could be any pursuit. From the top we can see at least thirty miles. I really think it's worth it."

"Quite a sound idea, I think," said Jim. "I'm game. We'd better start at once, for there isn't too much daylight left."

"All right. You lead, Parami."

The way was steep, but this island was purely volcanic, and there had been an eruption not so very long ago. Consequently the sides of the peak were mostly covered with lava, and there was not a great deal of scrub, so they got on rapidly and within little more than an hour had reached the summit, a height of about two thousand feet. Here was a small crater still hot and with a nasty smell of sulphur reeking from cracks in the rock, but at this height there was a little breeze and by keeping to windward they avoided the fumes. All around them the sea spread like a flat blue plain. To the north Aroa Island was plainly visible and to the south were several small islands. Very far away, like a cloud on the horizon, rose the great mountainous mass of Ysabel, one of the largest of the Solomons. But it was not land they were looking for, and it was the keen eyes of Parami that first spotted the object of their search.

"Him ship," he said briefly.

"Two ships," added Jim sharply. "Yes, I see them plainly, don't you, Don?"

"I see them. If I had a pair of glasses I could be sure."

"But there can't be any doubt," said Jim.

"I don't think there can be," agreed Don as he stared at the two dots far away to the

South-West. "I believe that big thief is making for Broome."

"Is there any earthly chance of catching them?" asked Jim earnestly.

"A mighty slim one, old chap. One thing is sure. We can never do it by paddling."

"Then we must tie the two canoes together and make a sail."

"What are you going to make it of?" asked Don—"unless we use our shirts, and they won't go very far."

"I make sail," said Parami suddenly. "I make him coconut bark."

Jim stared but Don said: "Yes. It is to be done, but it will take a day or so."

Jim glanced once more at the two schooners down in the distance. "Let's get to it, then," he said eagerly. "If we get back at once we can start tonight."

"That's the spirit," said Don and down they went, plunging over steep slopes and taking big chances on great slides of broken pumice. They were at the bottom again in little more than half the time it had taken to climb the mountain, and made their way down the little stream to the beach. Jim was the first to emerge on to the open beach and the others heard his cry of dismay.

"Look!" said Jim in a tone in which horror and despair were equally mingled. He pointed to the two canoes which lay in broken fragments on the beach. They looked as if a mad elephant had been stamping on them.

CHAPTER 18 Hunted and Hunter

DON seized Jim by the arm and dragged him hastily backward into the shelter of the bushes.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim dully.

"The matter is that the thing, whatever it is, that has wrecked those canoes is probably waiting to do the same for us."

"What can it be?"

"Not natives, anyhow, is it, Parami?"

"It not natives," agreed Parami. "I tink him white man."

"White man!" exclaimed Jim. "What white man would do a thing like that?"

Parami touched his forehead significantly, and Jim understood.

"Loony—mad, you mean?"

Parami nodded.

"I believe he's right," said Don. "That job has been done with an axe."

JACKO AT THE CAT SHOW

MOTHER JACKO looked out of the window one morning and had an unpleasant shock. Jacko and his friend Chimp were chasing each other all over the flower beds.

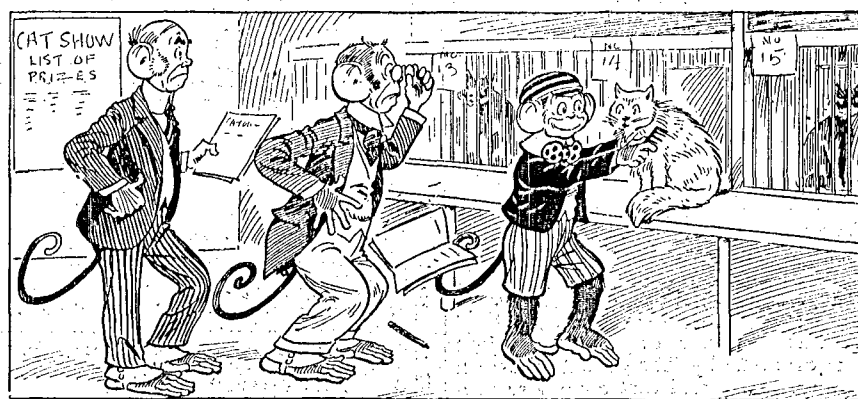
"Stop it at once, boys!" she cried angrily. "Just look at my poor plants!"

Chimp promptly ran off home. And Jacko kept at a respectful distance

on today. I shouldn't mind a little prize money at all!"

It didn't take long to find a big basket; the cat went into it without a murmur. Soon the two of them were down at the Town Hall, waiting for the judges.

The cat certainly looked very handsome. Jacko had brushed its coat and made its fur shine with some of Adol-



"It's a real beauty," said Colonel Ringtail

until a little later his mother opened the window again and called him.

This time it was Colonel Ringtail's Persian cat that was worrying her.

"Do drive it away, Jacko," she said.

"I've never known an animal do so much damage in a garden. There! Look at it now, sharpening its claws on a tree!"

Jacko ran after the cat, waving his arms wildly. But it was a friendly animal, and didn't want to go away. All it did was to rub round Jacko's legs.

"Well, you may as well stay, Pussy," said Jacko, after making sure that his mother had gone away from the window.

"I have an idea that you might be very useful to me. There's a cat show

phus's hair lotion. He felt quite certain it would win a prize, until he saw the judges approaching. Then his heart sank—one of them was Colonel Ringtail.

But the old gentleman didn't look at Jacko at first: he was much too interested in the cat.

"A real beauty!" he said; "and very like my own Persian at home."

"Well, I think it ought to have First Prize," said one of the other judges, and Colonel Ringtail was just going to agree when he recognised Jacko—and the cat. He was furious.

"I can't give a prize to my own cat," he roared. "But I can, and will, give that boy something to remember!"

"But I thought you said there was no one on the island," said Jim.

"No natives, but it's just the sort of place where one of these island hermits settle and, as Parami says, the chances are he's as mad as a hatter."

"Nice job for us," remarked Jim bitterly. "We're properly done in now."

"Lucky if it's no worse," Don answered. "We may be the next victims." He broke off as Parami touched his arm. "You not talk so loud, please. I tink him listen."

"Did you hear him?" asked Don in a whisper. He himself had heard nothing, but he knew the keenness of Parami's ears. Parami pointed to the bush which covered the opposite side of the ravine.

"Him there. We move," he said briefly. They sneaked away through the thick bushes, and just as well they did so, for next moment a gun roared and a charge of shot tore through the leaves of the very bush under which they had been hiding.

The only thing was to clear out and they did so, creeping from bush to bush. It was an awkward place to be caught in for behind was a steep, bare bluff. The only thing to do was to move up the ravine, taking cover as they went. Two more shots were fired, but it was clear that their enemy did not know just where they were for none of them was touched.

At last they got back to the top of the ravine into thick bush, and following Parami crawled into a thicket of hibiscus where they lay and waited.

"What on earth are we to do?" asked Jim. He was more angry than frightened.

"We've got to get that fellow somehow," said his brother.

"Much chance we have of that!" retorted Jim. "He'll get us first with that old scatter gun of his."

"Well, we can't stay here," said Don. "Our grub's gone as well as our canoes. We shall simply starve if we can't get hold of him."

He turned to Parami. "What's your idea?" he asked.

"I tink we go beach," said Parami.

"Why?"

"Man got boat perhaps."

"By Jove, he's hit it," exclaimed Jim. "Of course he's got a boat somewhere, and if we can only find it we can take it instead of our canoes."

"It seems about the only possible plan," agreed Don, "but you'd better remember we're not going to find it easily. A man like this will have hidden his boat pretty carefully. And he may be watching it."

"I don't care," said Jim doggedly. "I don't care if it takes a week. That boat's our only chance of getting away and catching up with Jansen."

Don consulted with Parami and they moved again. They dared not show themselves, and it was weary work crawling on hands and knees through the scrub. It was nasty thorny stuff, too, and their knees and clothes both suffered. They worked back down the western side of the ravine, only to come upon the edge of the cliff which was too steep to climb down, so they turned and, keeping as much under cover as possible, made west along the rim of the cliffs. So they skirted the base of the mountain, and beyond it came to more level country. The cliff here was only a low bluff and beyond was a low-lying sandy stretch with reed beds and ugly, mangrove trees. By this time it was getting near sunset.

"A nice look-out," growled Jim. "No supper and we haven't even light a fire to keep off the mosquitoes."

"There won't be many here," Don said; "it's too sandy. And I think we shall be fairly safe. Two can sleep and one keep guard."

Parami pointed to a big wild fig tree which grew at no great distance.

"I tink dat good place," he said and the others agreed.

A little beyond and below it began a big bed of reeds; Parami, going down into this, pulled armfuls to make a bed. Then just before dark he went away again and came back in triumph carrying the body of a huge lizard.

"What are you going to do with that?" Jim asked.

"Him guanny. Him make supper."

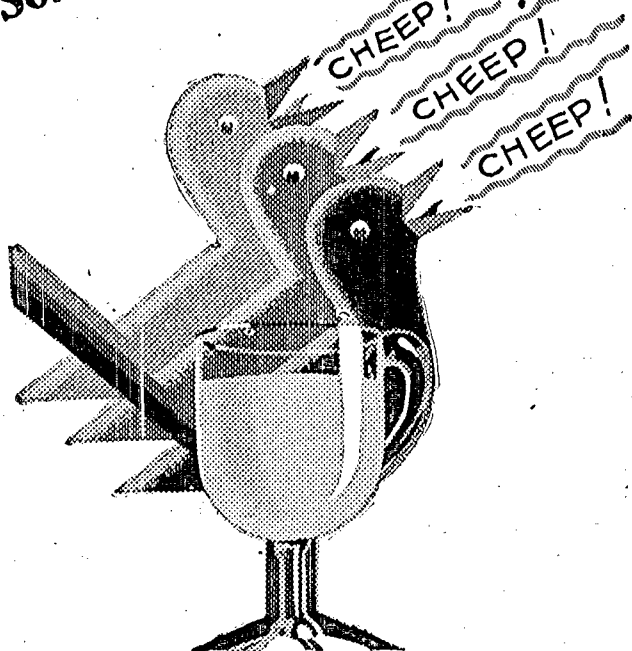
"But you can't cook it for you can't light a fire."

"I light fire," said Parami confidently. "No one see." He scooped a hollow, he got some very dry wood and built a tiny fire which gave practically no smoke and being right under the thick shade of the banyan could not be seen. Meantime he skinned and cut up the iguana and a most appetising smell it gave out. When cooked it looked like chicken and tasted as good.

"You're a jewel, Parami," vowed Jim, and though Parami said nothing there was a pleased look in his grave, brown eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED

Something to sing about!



BIRD'S CUSTARD with Rhubarb

It's so nutritious!

C422c

The Stamp Collector's Corner

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THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature will appear twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper." The next Stamp Collector's Corner will be published in the issue dated June 7th.

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grateful Mother

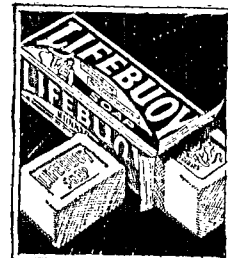
That's what always happens when children really get the Lifebuoy Habit! Mothers see the change first, of course; but fathers notice the difference in the house as well.

The children are coming to rely upon themselves. Are less of a worry to mother. *Self-respect is growing.* You see, they've started to do something because they want to, not simply because they are told to. You should get your own children into the Lifebuoy Habit now. For a little while see that they have a Lifebuoy wash the minute they come in from school or play. Lifebuoy's jolly, bubbly lather makes it just another romp. Before a month's up the habit will be firmly fixed. They won't even need reminding. And all the time you'll be easier in your mind—for Lifebuoy's health-element will guard them from chance infection.

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This coupon entitles you to a free sample of Mellin's Food and an interesting little booklet "How to Feed the Baby," which every Mother should have. Post it now to Mellin's Food Ltd., Dept. F/6r London, S.E.15.

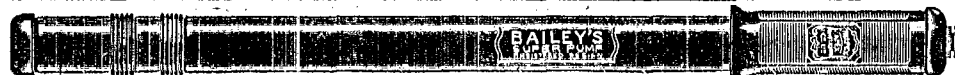
Name.....

Address.....

Baby's age.....

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad) usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s. a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 24, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d.

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s. 6d. a year. (Canada 14s.)

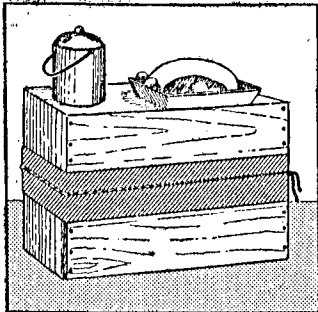
THE BRAN TUB

Walking and Riding

I WENT for a walk and returned by bus, taking altogether 1 hour 35 minutes. I could have walked both ways in 2½ hours. How long should I have taken if I had used a bus both ways? *Answer next week*

A Camping Hint

CAMPERS and picnic parties are often troubled by insects, such as ants, which crawl into the food. The picture given here shows how food may be kept in safety.



A strip of well-greased brown paper should be tied round a box upon which the food may be stood in perfect security, for the grease band acts as a trap for the insects.

Is Your Name Rackstraw?

THIS is only a changed spelling of Rake Straw and is a reference to the occupation of some ancestor of the Rackstraws engaged in farm work whose work consisted of raking over the straw. This description was attached to his descendants as a surname and has come down to these days in its present form.

Diagonal Acrostic

FILL in the words defined below so that the diagonal letters indicated by noughts will form the name of a precious metal and the left-hand upright will make a word meaning contrite.

O***** Fatherly.
*O***** Large animal.
O*** Tidiness.
O** Copied.
****O***** Fearful.
*****O***** Grace.
*****O***** Many.
*****O***** Urgent message.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français

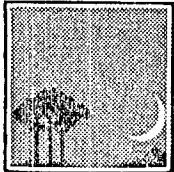


Le bloc Le garçon Le bol

Ce bloc est de l'époque glaciaire. Ce jeune garçon n'accompagnera. Portez-lui un bol de lait chaud.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Neptune is in the South West and Jupiter and Venus are in the West. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 10.30 p.m. on May 30.



A Word Square

THE following clues indicate words which, when placed one below the other, will form a square of words.

A fibrous plant. Wickedness. Deep mud. An excuse.

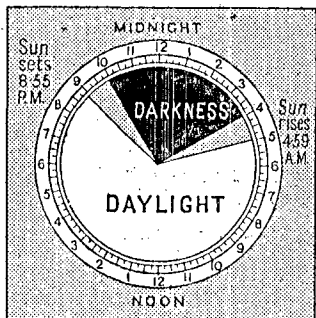
Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns. The four weeks up to April 26, 1930, are compared with the corresponding weeks of last year.

| TOWN | BIRTHS 1930 | BIRTHS 1929 | DEATHS 1930 | DEATHS 1929 |
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| London | 5645 | 5886 | 4196 | 4623 |
| Glasgow | 1828 | 1897 | 1371 | 1224 |
| Liverpool | 1482 | 1561 | 881 | 940 |
| Manchester | 1128 | 1156 | 830 | 844 |
| Dublin | 874 | 826 | 513 | 513 |
| Sheffield | 618 | 692 | 450 | 492 |
| Edinburgh | 580 | 564 | 496 | 456 |
| Newcastle | 451 | 567 | 269 | 295 |
| Nottingham | 351 | 386 | 252 | 348 |
| Plymouth | 269 | 295 | 231 | 227 |
| Southampton | 211 | 239 | 185 | 194 |
| Ipswich | 121 | 124 | 67 | 75 |

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

A Charade

WITH his thumb a certain boy my first brought forth, And boasting of his find declared his worth. My second is a state that comes to all, Twill ripen fruit and cause the leaves to fall. My whole the birds delight to show. If you have watched a peacock you will know. *Answer next week*

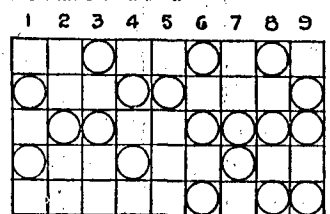
The Quail

DURING the next week or two, the quail will begin to return to this country from Africa, and its distinctive notes may occasionally be heard, although the bird itself is only rarely seen as it hides in the grass.

The nest is found in cornfields or grass, and consists of a shallow hole scraped in the ground and lined with dried grass and leaves, and so on. The eggs are buff coloured, speckled with blotches of dark brown.

Squares and Circles

PLACE vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so that when the nine vertical words have been found correctly from the definitions given the first and fourth horizontal lines each spell the name of a bird.



1. Flower-leaf. 2. Quavering Sound. 3. Natives of Arabia. 4. Competitor. 5. Period of time. 6. Hard white substance. 7. Darkness. 8. Humiliate. 9. Din. *Answer next week*

Facts

ONLY one man in three is perfectly healthy.

A day on the planet Jupiter lasts only 9 hours 50 minutes.

The largest active volcano in the world is Kilauea, Hawaii.

There are 79 breeds of dog.

A Beheaded Word

I AM a dignitary; behead me and I will tell you something; behead me again and you put me into a state of excitement; again and I am my predecessor; finally and I am consumed. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Postman's Round 120. What Am I? An Enigma Sycamore. The letter E.

Dropped Vowels

I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute, From the centre all round to the sea I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

MOUSE HILT MATE
O P O N D E R H A D A R
O R E N T R O V E R S A L E
R U E I R O N R A T E L
S H A R E T I C E S M O P
U S S E A R C H U P W E
S I L K C A I G R E T T
E A T S H E L P E W E R S

Dr. MERRYMAN

What Did She Mean?

BOB: My friends tell me that I am a wit.

Betty: Hm! They are half right.

A Great Annoyance

WHILE a play was in progress a lady turned in her seat and said to a man behind: "I hope my hat is not annoying you?"

"It is, madam," was the reply, "for my wife wants one just like it."

True

JACK's mother was giving him a lecture on how to behave.

"If you had two apples, one large and one small," said Mother, "and were offering them on a dish to Alan, of course you would ask him to take the larger."

"I shouldn't, Mother," said Jack; "it wouldn't be necessary."

A Singer

MR AND MRS NEWRICH were holding a reception.

"You old hypocrite!" said one of the guests to another. "I couldn't help hearing you tell Newrich that his daughter has just sung like a bird!"

"I was thinking of the crow," was the reply.

Vegetable Visions



THE New Potato asked "Why wear Horn-rims of such an outside size?" The Old Potato answered him: "I wear them to assist my eyes."

No Expert

PETER: You should see my sister hammer nails. She does it like lightning.

Donald: That's strange for a girl.

Peter: Not at all. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

Strange

THE Professor's wife was speaking.

"I must say, James," she said, "that you do not look so well dressed as you used to."

"That's strange," said the Professor thoughtfully, "for they are the same clothes."



SLEEP

Do you enjoy the luxurious pleasure of just jumping into bed and falling sound asleep almost immediately; sleeping seven or eight hours continuously and waking fresh, alert and ready for your day's work? If you do not the "Allenburys" Diet should be added to your daily fare.

A cup of this delightful food beverage taken at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. will quickly tone your system and ensure energy for the day and for the night that wonderful restorer—sound sleep.



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Crossing a Mountain in a Boat

Many years ago, in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., a cable railway was applied to water transport in order to carry the Pennsylvania Canal boats over the Alleghany Mountains. For this purpose the canal boats were constructed in sections, which could be taken apart and reassembled as required.

The boat would be divided into two sections, each mounted on a low truck, and the two would then be hauled over the inclined planes of the Portage Railroad.

A fascinating, illustrated article on these queer land-and-water boats is one of the many splendid features of this week's

MODERN BOY 2d.

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FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE old shepherd shook his grey head. "Robert of Lindon has no more right to the lands than you or I have," he said. "They belong to Mistress Margery and her brother."

"Then why do not they claim them?" said his companion, a shepherd from a neighbourhood over the hills. "Mistress Margery is not a young lady to be frightened of talking to the king."

"Robert of Lindon is her kinsman, and he has persuaded her that he has prior rights. And, even if he had not, Robert of Lindon would never let Mistress Margery get near the ear of the king, and her brother is but a wee

laddie. I would approach the king myself, but how can I suggest that Robert of Lindon has stolen the land? No, it is Mistress Margery who must see him, and by strat—

—"Strategy, you mean," said Margery, coming from behind a boulder where she had heard all the conversation. "I have always suspected that all is not right, my good Thompson, but I did not know that Cousin Robert was a thief. You are right: I must see the king, and soon."

Now, through the Lindon estates ran a fair stream in which was much good salmon. The king was fond of salmon,

and sent a message to Robert of Lindon that he would like some of his. Robert of Lindon gave instructions for a large basket to be made of osier twigs, for it to be filled with salmon, and taken by fast pack horses to the palace.

It was some two hours after it had been despatched that Robert of Lindon went in search of his cousin Margery, but Margery had disappeared.

Then a disturbing thought came to his mind. He called for his horse and his men and rode toward Edinburgh. He arrived just as the basket was being carried into the king's presence.

"My liege, do not open it," he cried, throwing himself,

booted and dusty as he was, at the king's feet. "I have sent you the wrong basket."

"Indeed, my Lord Robert, it would be interesting to see what the basket contains," said the king. "Open it!"

The men did so, and out of it popped Mistress Margery, very messy for she had been covered with the fish. She threw herself at the king's feet and pleaded her cause.

"Is this true?" demanded the king. But Robert of Lindon had disappeared.

The king, having made inquiries, upheld Margery's claim, and gave her a special coat of arms—a basket full of fishes with a girl's head coming out of the top.